

# LADIES' REPOSITORY.

A General Literary and Religious Magazine for the Family.

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# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

## A FAMILY MAGAZINE

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### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

As an index of the favor with which the Repository is regarded in literary circles, we select the following from among many scores of similar notices:

The following resolution was passed by the Cincinnati Conference at its last session:

"Resolved, That, in the judgment of this Conference, Dr. D. W. Clark, as editor of the Ladies' Repository, still maintains his high character as scholar, writer, editor, and divine; and that the Repository still holds its high position as the best periodical dedicated to the ladies published in our country."

Excellent in matter, pure and chaste in sentiment, just the periodical to be upon the parlor table and in the boudoir, as in the rude dwelling in the woods or on the prairie. The year is fast drawing to a close; we urge its readers to begin to arrange to renew their subscriptions, and also to procure more new subscribers among their friends. We wish to see it attain a circulation of 100,000. It is worthy.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

This periodical is one of the best in the country, and very completely answers the want that exists for sound literature in contradistinction to the ephemeral and trashy publications that find their way into the parlor. It is edited with signal ability, and is regarded as one of the most readable and interesting of the monthlies.—*True American, Trenton, N. J.*

The praise of this excellent monthly is sounded abroad by all its cotemporaries without exception. It is indeed a repository of precious things, and can not be regularly perused without exerting a refining, purifying, and exalting influence. It is always filled with entertaining and profitable matter.—*Christian Guardian, Canada*.

We like the Repository, and have done so for a good many years, and we rejoice that the improvement it has undergone from the commencement number to the one before us, is only evidence of how faithfully it has performed its mission and how widely its influence has extended.—*Sandusky (O.) Register*.

We know of no periodical which a Christian family will find more entertaining and instructive than this.—*Dundee Recorder, New York*.

Our readers have no doubt seen notices of this two-dollar monthly frequently in these columns. Some, on our recommendation, have been induced to subscribe, and those who have, feel grateful to us for thus aiding them in securing one of the best publications in the country. The Repository is a denominational paper of the Methodist persuasion, although in tone or spirit neither bigoted nor pedantic, and containing nothing offensive to persons of any other denomination.—*Potsdam (New York) Courier and Freeman*.

In all that tends to the cultivation of a pure morality, and literary excellence, the Repository is not excelled.—*Freeport Bulletin, Illinois*.

The engravings in this magazine are always superior. The editorial department is particularly adapted to the family, containing gems in religion, science, and literature.—*Kennebec Courier, Me.*

To our conception, this magazine is not excelled in America in the beauty of its engravings and typography. Its literary contents are of a high order.—*Machias Republican, Me.*

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**POE & HITCHCOCK, Cincinnati.**  
**CARLTON & PORTER, New York.**



# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

## FORT YUMA—COLORADO OF THE WEST.

BY REV. D. P. LORE, D. D.

THE engraving with which this number opens presents us with a beautiful view in one of the most interesting and yet least known sections of our vast country. Fort Yuma is situated on the bank of the "Colorado of the West," one of the many magnificent rivers of this continent. The fort occupies a commanding eminence seventy-five feet above low-water mark. It stands on the north and west bank, directly opposite the junction of the two rivers, the Colorado and the Gila, which here meet, the one flowing north and the other south. Their waters thus uniting have forced a passage due west through the rocky hill upon which the fort stands; then, as the Colorado, changing their course again south, empty into the Gulf of California, which is some eighty miles distant. There is here sufficient evidence of the fact that at no very remote period these rivers united a quarter of a mile west of their present junction, leaving the hill upon which the fort stands on the east bank, or as an island.

What physical convulsion or force of nature turned these vast rivers from their former channel and caused them to meet each other face to face as they now do and then break their way through such a rocky barrier—a hill range of "granitoid porphyry," averaging about thirty-five feet in height—none can tell. Lieutenant Emory, who accompanied the invading "army of the West" in 1846, was at this place, and gives the following description of it: "The walls of this canon, or cut, through the rock are vertical, and about fifty feet high and a hundred feet long. For a distance of three or four miles below the junction the river is perfectly straight and about six hundred feet wide." He adds: "It will probably be the seat of a city of

wealth and importance, most of the mineral and fur regions of a vast extent of territory being drained by the two rivers."

Since the visit of Lieutenant Emory this region has been thoroughly explored and surveyed by commissioners under the direction of the War Department for the purpose of ascertaining the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. The point represented in this engraving is an important one on the route of the 32d parallel of latitude. It was recommended as the point for bridging the Colorado River. This, according to the reports presented to the Department, was the shortest and least costly for a road from the Mississippi to San Diego, California—the whole distance being 1,533 miles, and whole cost estimated at \$68,000,000. This, however, was the southern route, and Jeff. Davis was Secretary of War, and was suspected then of a strong southern bias in this very matter. The present rebellion, however it may terminate, will not be likely to expedite the construction of the railroad on this southern route.

The valley of the Colorado forms a distinguishing feature in the topography of the western coast. It receives all the waters that drain the basin between the Sierra Madre and the coast range of the Sierra Nevada, and in length extending from the sources of the river on the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of California. It has several large tributaries, such as the Gila, Big William, Colorado, Chiquito, etc. It has been estimated that there are not less than 2,000 square miles of arable land in this valley, and much of it has been brought under cultivation by the various Indian tribes inhabiting it. The river is navigable for steamboats as far as the fort; hence the appearance of one in the engraving is not a mere fancy sketch. The supplies of the garrison are all furnished by water.

How much further boats might ascend has not been ascertained.

In 1849, when the gold fever raged so intensely in the United States, a large number of California adventurers passed at this point, it being on the overland route through "Warner's Pass" to the attractive El Dorado of their hopes. These emigrants, as usual, had difficulties with the natives, and gave many exaggerated accounts of the hostilities and depredations of the Indians, especially of the Yumas, one of the largest tribes in the valley of the Colorado. United States troops were sent forward for the protection of our citizens, when, upon investigation, it was found that they instead of the Indians had been the aggressors. By a course of kindness on the part of the officers amicable relations were soon restored. Not long after, however, a band of outlaws from the frontiers of the United States and Mexico established a ferry across the river, and imposed many restraints and offered many indignities to the natives, who took occasion on the first opportunity to exterminate the whole party. This led to a contest with the troops, who, after several pretty severe engagements, succeeded in again restoring peace. It was thus that the United States came to have a fort at this place. It is named after the Yuma or Cachau tribe of Indians, who, according to the latest and best accounts, number about 500 warriors and 3,000 souls. They live in villages on both banks of the Rio Colorado within about twenty miles of the Rio Gila. They are described by all who have seen them as superior both in mental and physical developments. They are intelligent, full of life, of gayety, and good-humor. The entire Indian population of this valley below the Mojave villages is estimated at 13,500.

These Indians are found now in just about the same social and civil condition that they were three hundred years ago, when first visited by the white man. In 1540 Alarcon engaged in an exploring expedition under the direction of the Viceroy of New Spain. He sailed up the Gulf of California and discovered the mouth of the Colorado River. He went up it in his boats, towed by his men and the Indians, whom he found very friendly. He describes them as being exceedingly numerous, and as having an abundance of maize, and peas, and gourds. Their weapons were bows and arrows, and maces hardened in the fire. Their bodies were striped with black, their hair was cropped before, while behind it hung down to the waist. And thus they are found still in agriculture, in weapons, in dress and appearance. He was the first white man they had ever seen, and an old

chief related to him this tradition, that "long ago our ancestors told us that there were a bearded and white people in the world, and we laughed them to scorn. I, which am old, and the rest which are here, have never seen any such people as these before." Alarcon ascended the river eighty-five leagues, set up a cross, returned to the gulf, and thence sailed to the port of Colima, Mexico.

New Mexico is a part of the only military acquisition made by the United States, unless we consider the territory taken from the Indians as such. In connection with the declaration of war against Mexico by the United States an army was organized to invade and conquer New Mexico, called the "army of the West," under command of Col. S. W. Kearney. The conquest was a bloodless one. Santa Fé, the capital of the country, was taken possession of without firing a shot. A change of government was effected with great apparent ease. Many of the Mexicans readily took the oath of allegiance to the United States and accepted office under it. But faith was not kept. Conspiracies were organized and plots formed to rid themselves of their American rulers. The first plot was to have been carried into effect on Christmas eve, when, by a general uprising, all the Americans were to be murdered or driven from the territory. The plan was organized and managed by the leading men in the country, civil and ecclesiastic. The churches were used as places of rendezvous. Padre Jose Manuel Gallegos was a prominent actor in the conspiracy, and has since been the representative of the territory in the Congress of the United States. This plot was divulged, it is said, by a mulatto girl three days before it was to be executed, and thus defeated. The next did not terminate so happily. Pueblo Indians were enlisted in it, and the priests as usual headed it, and excited the ignorant Mexicans by representing that it was necessary to preserve the Church. A number of lives were lost before this insurrection was quelled. A party of Indians and Mexicans, accompanied and encouraged by a priest, attacked the residence of Governor Bent and murdered him in cold blood. Such was the part taken by the priests, notwithstanding the extra efforts that had been taken by the United States officials and officers to conciliate holy mother Church. The army entered and took possession of Santa Fé on the 18th of August, and on the 30th Church was attended in grand state. "To-day," says Emory, "we went to Church in great state. The governor's seat—a large, well-stuffed chair covered with crimson—was occupied by the com-



manding officer. The church was crowded with an attentive audience of men and women, but not a word was uttered from the pulpit by the priest, who kept his back to the congregation the whole time, repeating prayers and incantations." Would the commanding officer and his staff have gone in state to such a dumb show in a Protestant Church? Would they have gone to Church at all? Again, in Doniphan's Expedition we find another account of Church attendance and "incantations." "The altar was lighted up with twenty-four candles. Six priests officiated. General Kearney and staff officers and some of the officers of the volunteer companies were present, and looked and no doubt felt supremely ridiculous, each one holding a long, greasy candle in his hand, which was to be blown and relighted at certain intervals during the ceremony." This surely was "supremely ridiculous" for an American General and his staff. But Major Emory explains all. He says: "It was thought proper that the officers should show every respect to the religious observances of the country; consequently, they did not decline participating in these ceremonies." Notwithstanding this humiliating duplicity on the part of our officers, Romish priests were then and have ever been the bitterest enemies of the American Government in New Mexico. If it were thought proper for our officers to show respect to religious truth and Christian morality, it would be greatly to our national credit and advantage when brought into contact either with Romish superstitions or American slavery. But the practice of our army officers has been and still is to abase themselves and the country before the dagon of superstition and of cruelty.

The Territory of New Mexico has been a very expensive appendage to the United States. It was not only conquered, but afterward purchased from Mexico, and then a large portion of it bought again from Texas at the snug little sum of ten millions, she at the same time retaining the best portion of the territory acquired within her State limits! And now, to reap the full reward of Northern obsequiousness to Romanism and slavery, Texas has seceded, and is fighting to conquer and add the remaining portion! The maintenance of the military department and territorial government of New Mexico has not cost the United States' treasury less than two millions per annum. The acquisition of this territory greatly increased our Indian inhabitants and responsibilities, the larger portion of it being emphatically an Indian country. The increase to this population under the care of our Government was

about forty thousand souls, exclusive of California. To govern, and care for, and protect against so many half-civilized and entirely savage men roving over wide and barren wastes of country has been found to be an extremely-difficult task. It would be so under the best digested system executed by the best men. But the Indian policy of the United States has been a hap-hazard one, and left in its workings to men who seek place for the spoils of office. Whatever may have been the honest and kind intentions of the departments at Washington, so far as we have learned the workings of the details, military and civil, they have resulted in robbery and cruelty toward the Indians. Gregg, author of the "Commerce of the Prairies," gives a case. About the close of the operations of the contractors who furnished supplies for several of the southern tribes in 1838, one of the employes, considering himself ill-treated, determined to make an expose of the frauds committed against the Indians. He held a letter of instructions, confidential, of course, wherein were set forth the manner in which these frauds were to be practiced. Having the means at command, he threatened the parties with complete exposure unless a satisfactory gratification should interpose. His demand was acceded to the amount of \$13,500 in cash! This is but a sample of frauds in furnishing supplies to the red man. And in our military operations against the Indians we have generally been on the wrong side so far as the offense was concerned. The Indians have been wronged, and retaliated, and their acts of retaliation have been the barbarities of wild savages, as they are, and the wars prosecuted by our soldiers against them have been scarcely less savage. Our border Indians have long been reduced to the point of starvation, and the constant encroachments and oppressions of the whites are rendering their condition more and more desponding. We will give an instance. A remnant of a tribe in New Mexico was reduced to the necessity of living on the inner bark of a species of the pine-tree growing among the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. In this state of starvation they applied to an American ranchero for relief. They begged him to give them an animal or two from his herd to appease their hunger. He refused, and they stole and eat three of his horned cattle. At once the cry "Indian depredations" was raised, and the United States dragoons were sent in pursuit. Coming up with the Indians a parley was held; they acknowledged taking the animals, but pleaded their necessity. An exorbitant demand was made on them for remuneration—



the chief offered to give a horse for each cow taken; this was refused, and a war followed.

The Indians had about sixty fighting men, yet they prolonged a war for nearly two years, costing the United States about a half million of money, and the lives of about one hundred citizens and soldiers, and almost the entire extinction of the Indian tribe. This is a fair specimen of our Indian wars in New Mexico.

The best Indian agent in that country, who had charge of some 10,000 Gila Apaches in the neighborhood of Fort Yuma, said to the writer that he would obligate himself to be responsible for all the depredations committed by them, if the Government would furnish him with \$20,000 with which to take care of them. And these are among the wildest Indians in our bounds. It was his opinion that one-half of the amount expended in sustaining the military in the Territory, were it appropriated to feed, and clothe, and shelter the Indians, would protect more property and preserve more lives than all the sabers of the soldiers. The sum appropriated to that Indian department, including some 30,000 souls, was only about \$30,000 per annum—one dollar each, and which, by the time it had reached its destination, had grown beautifully less. So long as this is our Indian policy we shall need military forts in the Indian country.

The present rebellion is pressing sorely on the south-west tribes of our Indians. Recent accounts describe those who have fled from rebeldom as being in the most destitute condition. In one encampment in Kansas there were at one time nearly 5,000 Creeks, Seminoles, Quapaws, Cherokees, and others, concerning whom Surgeon Campbell wrote, "It is impossible for me to depict the wretchedness of their condition. Their only protection from the snow on which they lie is prairie grass, and from the wind and weather scraps and rags stretched upon switches; some of them had some personal clothing—most had but shreds and rags, which did not conceal their nakedness—and I saw seven, varying from three to fourteen or fifteen years of age, without one thread upon their bodies." They are wounded, and frozen, and sick, and without axes or hatchets to provide fuel sufficient to warm them or cook their food.

Besides these gathered at Roe's Fort there were and still are thousands of others scattered over the country equally destitute. These are sufferers for their loyalty to the United States, though many of them slaveholders. We hope the Indians will not be overlooked by our Government when this class of citizens, "loyal slave-owners," are honored for their integrity and remunerated for their losses, in slaves and

otherwise. And those Indians who have cast their fortunes with the rebels are more to be pitied than blamed. They have yielded to the overwhelming influence of the more intelligent, and hence the more guilty, white rebels around them. God pity his red and black children!

#### THE CONVERSATION OF A MORNING.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"God hath yoked to guilt  
The pale tormentor, misery."—BRYANT.

"And do your duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call you."—CATECHISM.

I SAT in the kitchen porch one morning shell-  
ing peas when my nephew, Edward Ames,  
came along.

"Ho-hum," said he, taking a chair beside me, "I'm troubled with a rush of blood to the head to-day, another proof that nature abhors a vacuum," and he reached into the pail and began helping me.

The elder—I usually speak of my husband so, having formed the habit before our marriage, and, besides, he is twelve years my senior—had gone out into the country to attend a funeral, but was to return by one, our dining hour.

After a little commonplace talk Edward said rather abruptly, "How do they pop the question, aunt Debby?"

I was christened "Deborah Louise," but Hannah's children always call me aunt Debby. None of our family ever call me Louise, though I write the word with a trembling hand. Clear and melodious are the accents I remember—"Lou," "Lou"—but the voice is hushed and the dark eyes sealed, for he who in weakness wronged me was called away in early manhood. Twenty Summers have gladdened the earth since then, but ah, there have been hearts whose Winter was gladdened by no Spring.

I wondered at Ned's question, and that he should ever lack for words among the ladies, and answered him, "O, just as it happens."

"I thought there was some particular formula," he laughed, "just as definite as Cardan's for solving cubic equations; then that's a point of difference between mathematics and matrimony," and he reached into the pail for more pea-pods. "That's a cowardly, inoffensive-looking beast," said he, directing my attention to an ill-fed bovine over the way. "She must be meadow-tating," he added, as the animal turned her gaze wishfully to a fresh green field beyond. "But come, aunt Debby, tell me



some of the romance of your life, now that I've helped you to shell the peas," and my heart said yes to the winning tones of my nephew, for all the morning my thoughts had been straying toward youth-land. So, putting the peas into the pantry and sweeping off the porch, we went into the sitting-room, and I took up the cap-strings I was hemming, for it was a good while yet till dinner, and he'd laid himself out on the sofa, again referring to his headache. I spoke more freely than otherwise, for we both knew that the elder had his memories, that the wife of his youth was not forgotten. Edward's question furnished me a starting-point. "You know," I began, "that we always kept a good many silk-worms at the old homestead. One evening when I was winding silk somebody came in to spend the evening with me and kindly offered to hold my skeins. One was badly tangled, but by patiently putting the spool through here and there it finally wound off.

"Now," said Harry, for he was quite a hand to moralize, 'life is a skein, sometimes snarled and tangled like the one we just wound, and again running off easily from beginning to end.' Then as I was doubling the silk Harry hinted at doubling the life-skein, and so we promised that, God helping us, we would wind together the threads of our lives so smoothly, so evenly as to merit in heaven the plaudit, 'well done.'

"A few months after our engagement his uncle from the city near us wrote very urgently, offering him a clerkship in his store. Harry was delighted with the proposal; leaving me was the only objection. 'But I shall write and visit you so often,' said he.

"His parents were not pleased with the plan, but when, the night before leaving, he said, as his curling head lay in her lap, and his eyes, those dark, rich, full eyes, fixed on hers, 'Mother, you know I'll be a good boy,' said it in his old, childish way, all her fear was turned into trust.

"He went into society, was courted, flattered, and became quite a particular star to the circle in which he moved. His fine, social qualities, his winning, magnetic ways, his polished manners would readily warrant such a result. The cast of his features was very fine, but a close observer would notice that the lines about his mouth indicated want of firmness and want of purpose. His uncle's partner had a daughter, a brilliant, showy girl, but heartless and unprincipled. She was just the reverse of what Harry had hitherto admired; but the fumes of mirth and pleasure intoxicated him—in the hour of his temptation he forgot all the past.

She, after hearing that he was engaged, and feeling somewhat piqued for want of attention, declared that she would win him.

"Finally, his letters ceased. I knew why, though none had told me—knew as well as when, six months afterward, his mother sent for me one morning and with tears in her eyes handed me the letter which brought news of his marriage. It's an easy matter to say, 'Well, I'd let him go and be gayer than ever; I'd do this, that, and the other thing, for there's just as good fish in the sea as ever was caught,' and all this may be said and done and still some little trace of sorrow left, some memory of what has been and what is; and in an unguarded moment the burden will roll back so heavily, O, so heavily. True, one feels an indignation, a loathing, and a contempt toward those who have so basely deceived them; but, sometimes clothed in light, they will enter our heart's best room, and Love, the priestess, half forgetting and half remembering, will burn sweetest incense on her altar, looking upon them 'as deceivers and yet true.'

"I prayed for Harry and his wife when it seemed that I had the power to call down curses on their heads, even as Moses cursed Pharaoh. Clouds gathered very heavily about me, for I had unconsciously made thoughts of him the golden roof of all my future; but—and I say it reverently—the angels helped me. I warn you, Edward, never to trifle with a woman's heart. Her deep, fervid affections, that are stronger than life and stronger than death, are among the choicest gifts that God has given to man. They are the stars of his night, the bright, life-giving sun of his day; and, Edward, is it not challenging Divine justice to reach after, to win them, and in a little while to trample them into the dust?"

"I never saw it so before, aunt Debby. I feel guilty," and my nephew looked really aroused, for I had unconsciously driven him to the confessional.

"Ah, Ned, love is no light thing. It stirs very deep, it towers very high, and especially with that class who, though they move through a crowded world, have ever chosen one. Soul hath clung to soul, repeating the Scripture, 'I can not let thee go.' It were better for those who have deceived such that a millstone were hanged about their necks and they cast into the sea."

"But all do not love thus, aunt Debby."

"I know, but if their affection has not the same height, and depth, and duration there will be woman's trust and her pure confidence."

"And were you long in forgetting, aunt Debby?"



For a moment I could not answer. Ned spoke so carelessly and ignorantly, he who had dealt so much with hearts.

"I had loved with my whole heart; now I must unlove, bringing will, and reason, and every nobler power of the soul to aid in crushing a passion unworthy of myself, and I thought after the strife and the tempest were over that the affections would lay broken and blighted for evermore. But this did not hinder the work before me. Entering that inner temple I quenched the fire and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven. One thing sustained me—I had not perjured truth, I had not swerved from my vow—rather than to have done which I would have gone forward to years of earthly misery with a purpose as unflinching as martyrs felt in olden times when led to the flames that were to consume them.

"As for dying because I was 'crossed in love' I never thought of the thing, neither did I 'hang my harp on a willow-tree,' but went on through the mechanical routine of life as I had done before to outward appearance.

"Those who had wronged me were beaten with many stripes. I could but pity Harry, his life-thread had become so tangled. He died the fifth year after he was married. His mother ministered to his last wants. She told me that in his wild delirium he would call out, 'Where's Lou? where's Lou?' and for a while the old pain in my heart was strong as ever."

A little silence slipped into our conversation, which Ned broke by saying, "Your second courtship now, aunt Debby, please."

I first stirred the kitchen fire, putting over the peas and potatoes, and then resumed my hemming.

"You must remember that some years had passed since Harry and I were separated, so it was not so strange that I seemed ready to love again. Like the human body, the harp of human feeling is wonderfully made; its broken strings may be united, re-attuned, and swept by another hand; and, though their tones lack something of the depth and fervor of love's first music, they wind through the soul deliciously—they have a thrilling, electric power—they bind us captive, whether we will or not. My second lover was very unlike my first. His character was more mature, stronger, even, masterful. He could sway quietly, and with that rare power which some possess of exacting a charmed obedience to their wills. With him a motive or a purpose once enthroned in his heart would sway throughout life. He had fine Saxon features, and dark gray eyes, a lithe, elastic figure, well-proportioned, and of medium height. His man-

ner was more cheerful than vivacious, more genial and sunny than frolicsome or gay. His judgment was distinguishing; and always, in court, his decisions were marked with ability, candor, and fine discrimination. He was peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of home and the society of friends. His wife of only eighteen months had died suddenly, leaving an infant son, then seven years of age. But I need speak no farther of him. Four months before we were to be married he was found dead in his bed, from heart disease, and my heart again wore mourning. His life was like sublime music, wherein delicate minor notes blend and alternate with the deep and stirring bass. But when the song was richest, when the singer had reached the prime and glory of manhood, he was stricken down, and the music suddenly and forever hushed."

"And was this sorrow as hard to bear, aunt Debby?"

"No, Edward, for man had not wronged me; God had only called for his own, and though the cup held bitter dregs, I could take it and say, 'Thy will be done.' Two years afterward your uncle, the elder, asked me to share his lot, which, after some hesitancy, I did. We have been very happy together, and I have had opportunities for usefulness peculiar to a minister's wife."

"I think differently about love from what I did, aunt Debby."

Ned's words more than repaid my effort, for I know of a gentle-hearted girl who loved him devotedly while he was carelessly flirting with a dozen others. I then left him with his thoughts, and went out to hurry my dinner. Just as it was all ready, the elder drove in, his dear face flushed with weariness and heat. Ned took care of his horse, and we were soon seated about the dinner-table, listening to the elder's conversation, forgetful, in the enjoyment of the present, that each of our lives had so passed. And now, when the afternoon of life is upon me, when the west is beginning to wear its sunset hues, I can with truthfulness say, that the "lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

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#### CHRIST'S FAMILY.

Jesus recognizes his family when they are black as the tents of Kedar, and he knows they shall be fair as the curtains of Solomon. He knows his children when they do not know themselves; when they fancy they are lost beyond rescue, or when they foolishly conceive that they can save themselves.



## LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

## NUMBER XI.

## TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

MY DEAR —, You can no more overvalue the honor that maternity puts upon you than you can overestimate the responsibilities involved in your new relation. The "God and Father of us all" has expressly said that "children are an heritage of the Lord." That they are the source of the purest and most abiding earthly happiness, millions of parents stand ready to testify. A modern writer of rare good sense justly says, that the possession of children, with the rearing and training of them, is "one of God's ordinances for making us what he wishes us to be. They are as necessary to us as we are to them. Parents can no more reach the highest and most harmonious development without them than one can develop his muscles without action. Without them, one of the most beautiful regions of our nature must remain without appropriate and direct culture. The offices of children in the culture of their parents are manifold." This is strictly true, and much more might I say of the same purport. But it is unnecessary. You are not one of those foolish and heartless women who count offspring an "incumbrance," because attention to their wants compels self-denial of comfort and enjoyments, and to whom the care of children is a costly and painful sacrifice. The rather let me give you some practical counsels respecting the new duties that are opening before you. My suggestions will extend beyond the present, for I may sleep with my fathers before your children grow up around you. I take, therefore, this opportunity of giving you such advice as I am able for their traiping up to ripe years.

In your letter you say that you "feel keenly, almost oppressively, the nature and extent of your new responsibilities." It is well that you do. Better is it, however, that you "have resolved daily to seek help from on high, that you may have grace and wisdom to train up your child in the way it should go." Therein, my dear —, is your safety and sufficiency—the promise and surety of your success. The promises of the Bible are to you "yea, and amen," for the practical purposes of domestic and social life, just as much as they are for the spiritual needs of a religious life. Its counsels also are your heritage. Make God's Word your rule, and his grace your strength, and you will not fail in your interesting path of duty.

I would not have you lose sight, however, of

some practical teachings of human experience, which will afford you encouragement. Sincerity of purpose, with watchfulness, will make the task of training your child aright comparatively easy; and if you commence, as you propose to do, at the very threshold of its life, the difficulties will diminish daily. Do not forget, for a moment, that it is an immortal being whom God has committed to your care and instruction. If this thought is always present with you, you can not fail to be earnest and sincere in the fulfillment of your duty toward it, and that very sincerity of purpose, with the Divine aid that is secured to you by God's immutable promise, will itself go far toward the attainment of your end, because this ever-present consciousness of responsibility, and a sincere desire fully to meet it, will make your efforts habitual and systematic. And if you commence this good work at once, so that hereafter there shall be nothing to undo because of your negligence, you may look forward hopefully and confidently to a hereafter when you shall be able joyfully to say, "Here am I and the children thou didst give me." If from the first you keep down weeds in your garden, its subsequent cultivation is easy, pleasant, and profitable. If you let them get headway, your subsequent labor is immeasurably increased, and discouragements will result. While you are destroying the excess of growth in one portion, other noxious weeds are gaining upon you in another. What you could have done in half an hour when the weeds first showed signs of life, will now tax your time and strength heavily, if haply any labor will now destroy them. I need not apply the figure.

The moral education of the child should commence with its first perceptions. You are not to wait till it can distinguish between right and wrong, between good and evil, but you are to teach it to make that distinction. Therefore you must begin with the first dawn of intelligence. Every mother, whether she thinks of it or not, commences her instructions there, developing—I had almost said creating—the child's intelligence; teaching it to discern things that differ, and to save her trouble and itself discomfort by expressing its wants and necessities by the simplest signs and sounds. When this habit is acquired by her infant, she carries her tuition a step further. By the tone of her voice she conveys censure when the signs or sounds are omitted, and approval when they are employed. Thus, even when there is no religious motive on her part, the mother is careful to mold and guide her child's intelligence so far as her own personal comfort and the child's physical wants are concerned. In all this she is teaching her



child the first great practical lesson of *obedience*. Every parent knows that a child learns this at a very early age. It obeys in those things in reference to which it is taught obedience. But, as a Christian mother, you can not stop here. This is only maternal instinct, prompted by the natural and praiseworthy desire of promoting the mutual comfort of herself and her child. You must bring this same discipline to bear upon its moral nature, teaching it in just the same way, that this temper is censurable, and that commendable. Experience will soon teach you that the child can almost as readily comprehend the moral tuition as the physical. Let me illustrate familiarly: The tender child will sometimes attempt to handle something that is hurtful, but will cease its efforts after repeated kindly but firm prohibitions. If it does not, the mother, rather than her child should receive bodily harm, will resort to monitory punishment. Now, the display of passionate temper by that same child is just as much, and, if possible, more, an act of its will as its endeavor to reach something dangerous to its touch, and can be rebuked and checked by the same means. Yet how many mothers would use persuasion, prohibition, coercion in the one case, and in the other let the act pass unnoticed, or excuse it, on the ground that the child was too young to know better, or to understand reproof! Any observing parent knows that a child can be much earlier taught what to leave undone than what to do; and let me impress it upon your mind, in connection with this fact, that the earlier and more carefully you teach your child to avoid what is wrong, the earlier and more easily will you teach it to do what is right. With kindness and love, but firmly and habitually, check the waywardness and petulance of infancy and childhood, and you gradually, but surely, prepare its mind for sweeter tempers and dispositions.

Never correct a child hastily, or in quickness of temper. The cases are rare, indeed, where immediate punishment is necessary or expedient. When an offense is committed that merits correction, or is attended by circumstances that make correction expedient, as a rule it is better, both for the child's sake and your own, that time be allowed for reflection. Count it no sacrifice of time or patience, and, least of all, of parental dignity, to reason with the offender, to explain the nature of the offense, and the necessity for its punishment. One correction thus calmly but firmly administered, is a hundred-fold more potent for good than a hasty severity, and will rarely need to be repeated if followed by consistent conduct on the parent's part. On

the other hand, when your judgment tells you that correction ought to be administered, do not shrink from the duty, whatever the sacrifice of feeling or convenience. Some occasion will almost certainly arise, when, on the part of your child, there will be plain, positive, intended rebellion against your authority; not a passionate outbreak, but a stubborn, open revolt. In that case you must accept the challenge without hesitation, making every thing give way to the permanent settlement of that question. The best manner of doing this will depend much upon the age of the child. The rule for your guidance is, that you are to assert your power rather than exhibit severity. Let there be sufficient of this, however, to show that you are displeased at its conduct, and then let the demonstrations of your power be gradual and cumulative. Be in no special hurry to close the contest, but give the little insurgent time to measure the disparity between you, and to realize the wisdom of unqualified submission. After that revolt, and its suppression, the child is in your hands to be made almost what you will.

I am sure, my dear —, I need not guard you against that petulant slapping of children, of which mothers, I think, are far more guilty than fathers. Perhaps naturally so, from their being more with the children, seeing more of their petty faults, and being more exposed to those small annoyances which children are adepts in inventing and perpetrating. But it is both cruel and dangerous to punish these with angry and violent slappings and snappish words. If the offense committed is grave enough for a blow, it is grave enough for calm and measured punishment—for correction on system. But you, I am sure, will ever be too self-possessed to peril your influence for good over your child by the cruel and unreasonable inflictions I have referred to.

Never permit yourself, or any one, to repulse a child's simplicity of confidence, in the matter of either question or remark, by a contemptuous laugh at its ignorance. On this point I have a life-long feeling which, I trust, as you have reaped the benefit of it, is not unhonored by you, and will influence your maternal conduct through life. I can not, even at this later day, better express my sentiments than I did in a small volume published when you were much younger than you are now, and which you must pardon me for quoting with increased earnestness, now that it is addressed to my own beloved daughter: "It is most unwise, and on the parent's part cruel in the extreme, to meet with ridicule, or harshness, or contempt, a



child's early efforts at expressing its thoughts, or at obtaining fuller information on subjects that are floating in its mind and have perplexed its juvenile comprehension. Often has my heart ached over an intelligent child thus repulsed from the threshold of knowledge, covered with shame and mortification, and paralyzed by discouragement; and I have seen, in the bewildered countenance, the quivering lip, and the drooping head, the evidences that a cruel, perhaps fatal, blow had been struck at that important element of all improvement and advancement in life, self-reliance—and at that filial confidence which lies at the very foundation of filial obedience. . . . Let one voice be heard in behalf of the timid, gentle, confiding child of your affections; and let not the simple, perchance foolish, question or remark, which in the ignorance of childhood it may utter, be responded to by the crushing burst of merriment, the cruel rebuke, or the harsh rebuff; for each time that this occurs you place a barrier between that child and knowledge, destroy its peace, awaken its distrust, and sever one of those delicate threads of affection by which God, for benevolent ends, has bound that child's heart to its parents, and upon which, under God's blessing, rests your only hope of guiding it through the snares of youth, and of recovering it from evil associations, should they for a season lure it from the rightful home of its affections and duty."

Upon one other point I must include your dear husband in my paternal counsels. You must work together, and with a full, mutual understanding, in this work of training your children for goodness and usefulness here, and eternal happiness hereafter. I may not now dwell upon this topic, for this letter is already long. Nor need I, for I am sure that you will both give the suggestion all the weight that is due to it. I will say to you, however, that, in not a few cases within my knowledge, where the piety of the parents and their love for their children has been potent, those children have, nevertheless, brought them only sorrow and disgrace. Closer inquiry has revealed the fact that the parents have not "pulled together" in their training. One has been severe, the other lenient, though both were prompted by a sincere affection. Too often the mother, though she has not said it in word, has virtually accused the father, to his children, of too great severity, by indulging them in his absence in things prohibited by him; by covering their misdoings by the mantle of secrecy, and even providing them with the means of indulgence in pursuits or amusements that the father would

not allow. Perhaps, in many cases, the father has committed the same error. I concede that, sometimes, a woman's greater quickness of conception, especially when aided by a mother's instinct, may make her a better home educator of her children than the father. But every wife should be careful how she assails, however slightly, her husband's authority and influence over the family. She should do nothing, except in extreme cases, and especially nothing secretly, that may even seem to be subversive of it. If mutual love exists between the parents, and either is obviously more fitted to take the lead in the training of their children, the other will generally see and acknowledge it. But, at any rate, the matter should be arranged between themselves, and the children should be made to feel that on this subject their parents are united, and have but one rule of action and one aim.

But I must not write more at present. May your dear child be spared to you to be your joy through life, as you have been to me! God bless you and yours!

Your affectionate father.

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### NOT LOST.

BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

Lost, did they say? I never thought  
That thou wert lost to me;  
Through all the anguish death had brought,  
From this my soul was free.  
I saw the bright links torn apart  
That formed affection's chain,  
And knew, through all, my pure of heart,  
That we should meet again.  
Thou didst not fall as dead leaves fall  
From Autumn's sapless tree,  
But thou wast borne to heaven in all  
Thy youthful purity;  
As gentle April blooms depart,  
As stars of morning wane,  
So faded thou, my pure of heart—  
Yet we shall meet again.  
Why should I sorrow? I believe—  
And I can work and wait;  
O, God! could loving soul conceive  
A sadder, gloomier fate?  
Could aught, with more consummate art,  
Wring the fond breast with pain,  
Than this to think, my pure of heart,  
We could not meet again?  
I will believe, though many years  
May yet be left to me,  
That in the end, through toil and tears,  
My home shall be with thee;  
Though sighs of sorrow oft may start,  
And tears may fall like rain,  
My beautiful, my pure of heart,  
We yet shall meet again.



THE FEMALE GIRONDIST—MADAME  
ROLAND.

EDITORIAL.

AMONG the many remarkable characters developed by the French Revolution few are more worthy of notice than that of Madame Roland. The materials from which to sketch her life and character are very abundant—being contained in her letters, and in that almost inimitable autobiography, written during her last earthly days in prison, awaiting the denouement of a sad but brilliant life. In introducing those memoirs she says: "I propose to myself to employ the leisure hours of my captivity in relating the history of my life, from my infancy to the present time. Thus to retrace the steps of one's career is to live a second time; and what better can a prisoner do than, by a happy fiction, or by interesting recollections, to transport herself from her prison?" The memoir thus delicately introduced, is dated at the "Prison of St. Pelagie, August 9, 1793," and commences thus: "Daughter of an artist, wife of a philosopher, who, when a minister of State, remained a man of virtue: now a prisoner, destined, perhaps, to a violent and unexpected death. I have known happiness and adversity; I have learned what glory is, and have suffered injustice. Born in a humble condition, but of respectable parents, I passed my youth in the bosom of the arts and amid the delights of study; knowing no superiority but that of merit, no grandeur but that of virtue."

Her father, Gratien Philpion, was an engraver by trade, but he sought to enlarge his business by speculations in diamonds and other precious stones, also in sculpture, as well as in engravings. He was a stirring, intent, and thriving business man, and accumulated quite a property. Somewhat coarse and stubborn in his nature—very unlike his mild, beautiful, and pious wife. The low mutterings of the coming storm of revolution are already beginning to be heard, and they found no more earnest response than in the breast of Philpion. He looked upon the Government as a system devised to crush the many and exalt the few. Of Christianity he knew little, only as it was displayed in the Roman Catholic Church, and he regarded it as in league with the Government to destroy the liberties of the people. In his eye, therefore, the only way to liberty lay through the destruction of both the monarchy and the Church. From the first he regarded the King as a tyrant, and soon he came to regard God as a delusion. His wife was, in many respects, the opposite of her hus-

band. Gentle, uncomplaining, refined in her tastes and manners, she never for one moment swerved in her Christian faith, or declined in her strict attention to the duties of religion. Her influence over him was not less beneficial than powerful.

Marié Jeanne was born in 1754. She was the second of seven children, and the only one that survived the period of infancy. Precocious in intellect, exquisite in the delicacy of her sensibility, and attractive by the masterly expression of her countenance, she became the center of all the thoughts and affections of her parents. Owing to the delicacy of her constitution, she was sent into the country to be nursed by a worthy peasant woman. Here the little "Manon"—a *sobriquet* for Marié—as her parents called her, grew up healthy and strong for that desperate battle of life she was to fight in after years. In her subsequent character we see the combined influence of both father and mother. In her delicate sensibility, her purity of character, the yearning of soul after the pure and the spiritual, even amid the darkness and the gloom of an almost instinctive skepticism, she revealed the mother. But in her revolutionary spirit, the restless energy with which she sought to subvert the foundations of the Government, and especially in that darkened vision of the soul which rendered her almost atheist, we see reproduced the mental traits of the father.

How the child lives and how she receives, or rather finds, mental culture and development the following picture will tell: "A little alcove adjoining the workshop has been turned into a miniature bedroom. There is here a tiny cot-bed, a small table, a chair, and a few shelves. By the table there sits a girl of nine years, slight in figure, dark in complexion, with rich black hair, small sharp features, and very blue eyes. Somberly, almost solemnly, she is conning in that little corner a translation of 'Plutarch's Lives.' She has noticed that one of her father's young men, named Courson, leaves his books in the corner of the workshop, and from her hiding-place she has sallied out when no one was by and taken a volume stealthily to her little room. This she has repeated again and again, replacing the volumes when she has devoured them. The young man has perceived their disappearance; her mother too has detected her, but neither of them has said a word to her. Rather they are pleased to encourage this worship of books, and she is left in peace to wonder at the greatness of the Greeks and Romans, and to ask herself where such men are to be found in her own day. Nor is Plutarch her only joy; she has read the 'Adventures of Telemachus,'



and been fired by the spirit of Tasso, through a translation of 'Jerusalemme Liberata.' But Plutarch is her special favorite, and during Lent that year, when she was obliged to go to mass every day, she has carried it to Church with her, and read it there instead of her mass-book. It is there that she receives those impressions which make her republican without knowing it. And such at nine years is Marié Jeanne Phlippon, destined in after years, as the wife Jeanne Marié Roland, to be the center of that band of fiery, ambitious spirits who pulled down monarchy in France to raise up the guillotine, to which she, who had encouraged them, was herself to fall a victim." Her father, though with no desire to make her an artist, taught her a little of his own art. In this she rapidly succeeded—handling the graving-pencil with ease and skill. The fruits of this labor consisted mainly in flowers or complimentary verses, neatly engraved upon polished plates, and presented to her friends. Her mother, though simple in her own dress, was proud to array the little Manon in the most costly clothes. But as an antidote to the pride that might thus be engendered she would take her to the market in the commonest attire, send her to the neighboring shop for small groceries, and require her to aid in the cooking. Nor was her religious education, after the manner of the age, neglected. She was sent to the catechising class, at which the curé of the parish prepared the children for their confirmation. "In a corner, or side chapel of the parish church, the children were ranged on benches, the boys separated from the girls, while the priest sat on a chair in the midst of them. The collect, Gospel, and epistle for the day were repeated one by one. Then came the portion of the catechism which had been the task of the week. Often the fond mothers would come and stand behind their children, and great was Madame Phlippon's pride when her little Manon answered to the curé's questions, in a manner which proved, even at that age, her mental superiority, and especially the strength of her memory."

At this early period her mind was subject to deep religious impressions. The "Lives of the Saints" and an old French version of the Bible, which she had found in her father's library, were read with singular avidity. The former inspired her, now at the age of eleven, to devote herself to the cause of religion. To the latter she often returned with a strange curiosity to explore its mysteries and fathom its depths; but there was no one to guide her in the application of its truths. Can we wonder, then, that she failed sadly in this respect?

At her own earnest request, she was sent by

her parents to a convent, where she might receive instruction from the sisters, who devoted themselves to this work. There were thirty-four young ladies, from the age of eighteen down to six. She was placed among the older girls, whom she soon equaled in their studies, by unwonted diligence and quickness of apprehension. The quiet seclusion of the cloister, its ancient and gloomy halls, and the sense it brought of seclusion from the outer world were peculiarly fascinating to her mind. In relation to this event she says, in her memoirs: "While pressing my dear mother in my arms, at the moment of parting with her at the first time in my life, I thought my heart would have broken; but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and I passed the threshold of the cloister, tearfully offering up to him the greatest sacrifice I was capable of making. This was on the 7th of May, 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old. In the gloom of a prison, in the midst of political storms which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, how shall I recall to my mind, and how describe the rapture and tranquillity I enjoyed at this period of my life? What lively colors can express the soft emotions of a young heart endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness, beginning to be alive to the beauties of nature, and perceiving the Deity alone? The first night I spent in the convent was a night of agitation. I was no longer under the parental roof. I was at a distance from that kind mother, who was doubtless thinking of me with affectionate emotion. A dim light diffused itself through the room in which I had been put to bed with four children of my own age. I stole softly from my couch, and drew near the window, the light of the moon enabling me to distinguish the garden, which it overlooked. The deepest silence prevailed around, and I listened to it, if I may use the expression, with a sort of respect. Lofty trees cast their gigantic shadows along the ground, and promised a secure asylum to peaceful meditation. I lifted my eyes to the heavens; they were unclouded and serene. I imagined that I felt the presence of the Deity smiling upon my sacrifice, and already offering me a reward in the consolatory hope of a celestial abode. Tears of delight flowed down my cheeks. I repeated my vows with holy ecstasy, and went to bed again to taste the slumber of God's chosen children." How beautiful this picture of childish innocence and of simple faith! How infinitely superior to the cold and cheerless skepticism that shaded her later years!

At the end of the year she left the convent with profound regret; and had she been left to her own

choice, would probably have buried herself from the world in its perpetual seclusion. This, however, did not result from any clear and calm convictions, but evidently from its peculiar adaptation to an almost morbid sensibility.

One incident of her connection with the convent is worthy of record. To some of the sisters she formed a strong attachment. Among these was Angelique Bouffiers, who went by the convent name of Ste. Agathe. She had been a victim to the vile system of sacrificing a daughter that her portion of the family fortune might go to the sons. Alas! what crimes against humanity have been perpetrated in the name of religion! Can we wonder that, where such things are practiced, faith should be unsettled, and infidels multiplied? This poor girl became much attached to the little Manon, gave her a duplicate key to her cell, and free access to the few devotional books allowed to her there. The attachment was mutual and lasting. Their subsequent correspondence led to important results in the life of Marié Phippon. Agathe was then twenty-four years old. Thirty years later, the Revolution released her from the imprisonment of a convent, but it was too late. It had become second nature to her, and she was as miserable at leaving her ill-furnished cell as Pellison was to quit his tamed spiders in the Bastille.

On leaving the convent, Marié was grieved to find that her father had become so absorbed in the affairs of the commune, that the care of the shop had in a great measure fallen upon her mother. This so absorbed the mother that but little attention could be given to the daughter, who was now handed over to the care of her paternal grandmother. She was a widow of sixty-five, good humored, kind hearted, and possessed of a moderate fortune.

Marié was now rapidly attaining womanhood. The religious faith of her mother was no longer daily thrown around her, and the father's skepticism began to prevail. The condemnation to eternal perdition uttered by the Romish Church upon all—however pure and good they might be in heart and morals—who did not accept her dogmas, and conform to her rites; her absolution of those who did thus conform from the darkest crimes; her absurd claim to absolute infallibility, so contradicted by the facts of history, of sense, and of reason; and then, also, her evident complicity with a tyrannical government in trampling liberty in the dust, and crushing out the rights of man; these things loosened her young heart from its moorings to the Church of Rome, and sadly unsettled her faith. She knew Christianity in no other form. Her appeal for aid to her confessor brought no

help to her mind. She read the controversial writings of Bossuet. They only increased her tendency to doubt. Mistaking the nature of faith, and the province of reason, she imagined an antagonism between the two. Then, too, the age, the great spirit that was moving in the minds of the people, was not only revolutionary, but unbelieving. Who could doubt whether so active a mind as that of Madame Roland would, under such circumstances, drift? She passed on to Jansenism, the mildest form of dissent from Romanism. Then the philosophy of Descartes for a time staid her downward progress. From Cartesianism she soon descended to Stoicism; thence to Deism. From this dark creed to the simplicity of her early faith she never returned.

Her republican tendencies were at this time strongly confirmed by observing the falsity of the social distinctions around her. On one occasion she made a visit, with her grandmother, to a certain Madame Boismorel, who being above them in station, treated them with insulting condescension. On another occasion she accompanied a Madlle d'Henneches, a dry, disagreeable old maid, who boasted of her family descent, to the houses of certain people in authority. Here she noticed, and felt, the attention paid to her in every respect inferior companion because of her birth, while she herself, the daughter of a mere engraver, was slighted. Then, again, she made a short visit to Versailles, where the old régime, with all its faults, called forth her contempt and disgust. "I preferred the statues in the gardens," she exclaimed, "to the people I saw there." Her laughing spirit could not brook the indignities she received; and her utter aversion to the individuals who performed so contemptible a part was easily transferred to the order of things which gave them place and power. The lover of Socrates and Alcibiades, the pupil of Plutarch, is fast becoming radical. She has already more of her father's democracy than of Socrates' philosophy.

At the age of seventeen she is described as possessing that kind of attraction which rests upon something superior to mere beauty of form and face. Her features, though not ill-proportioned, were not in themselves beautiful. Her profile was better than her full face, which was round rather than oval. The point of the nose was thick, and in the dilating nostril you saw more ambition than taste. The mouth was large, but the smile soft, and the expression gentle and kind. The brow was high, broad, and calm, as if inclosing a large brain. Above it the hair parted freely, and fell in long,



luxuriant curls over her shoulders. The eyes of a deep blue, which looked in some lights brown, were full of thought and animation; the eyebrow was peculiarly elevated, dark, and full, so that it gave to the face an expression of frankness and loftiness combined with vigor. The whole frame had more strength than loveliness about it, the bust being full and high, the shoulders broad and manly, the figure slight, tall, and supple. But in the thoughtful and daring expression of the face was a charm which, in after years, gave her a command over the wild spirits of the Revolution, and made even the men who despised woman as a chattel her willing servants.

From this period she had many suitors. Some were attracted by her charms, others by her fortune—for her father's property was as yet unbroken, and she was an only child. Few of these suitors made any impression upon her mind, and it may be doubted whether she was ever "in love." She, however, playfully confesses that, at an early age, she was captivated by the voice and face of a young artist, named Tuboral, who came to her father's shop on matters of business. Whenever, hidden in her little alcove, she heard his gentle voice, she would steal out, and pretend to be looking for a pencil, or some other trifle which she was supposed to have left in the workshop. The young man, who was one-and-twenty, and had "*une figure tendre*," blushed at seeing her more than she at seeing him; but, as no intimacy arose, nothing ensued from these little meetings.

To show the current of her life, and the influences under which her character was formed, and her destiny finally determined, we give a few of her love adventures—if they can be called such—mostly on her own authority, and mainly in her own words. By the way, the account she gives of the many proposals she received, and the way in which they were finally disposed of, is one of the most amusing portions of her autobiography. It affords a pleasant and vivid picture of the French system with regard to marriages. Her first admirer, who made a positive effort for her hand, was a music teacher. He was a Spaniard of colossal figure, with hands as rough as those of Esau. He announced himself as a noble of Malaga, whose misfortunes had driven him to teach the guitar, and employed a friend to make the offer for him. The ambitious father was not likely to listen to the proposal of a penniless teacher, and, after the manner of the day, ordered him never to set foot in the house again. The next admirer was the butcher the family dealt with. His second wife had lately

died, and he had amassed a fortune of some ten thousand dollars, which he was very willing to increase. Accordingly, for nearly a whole Summer, he regularly met Marié and her mother in their walks, dressed in a fine black suit with very good lace, and made them a dignified bow, without venturing to accost them. At length the usual maneuvering was effected through the medium of a person called Mad'llie Michon, who boldly offered the butcher's fortune and business to the consideration of the ambitious jeweler. M. Phlippon's ambition was limited to the love of money; the butcher had it to offer, and he favored the suit. But the daughter was not so easily won. She had made up her mind to marry a man answering somewhat to her ideal—a philosopher, or at least a *thinker*. She, republican as she was, abhorred trade, and declared she would never marry a trader. So the butcher wasted his time, made his dignified bows, and wore out his clothes to no purpose. With Marié the consequences were any thing but agreeable. Her father was greatly displeased. An estrangement between them was now begun, which continued to increase, with the most painful consequences to both.

Passing over, innumerable other suitors, we come to the last with whom she was annoyed before her philosopher came to her relief. This was a young physician, named Gardanne. She does not confess to much romance in these early love matters. How completely the cool, calculating intellect predominated over the emotional in her, may be illustrated by an incident in her music. The science of music was easily and thoroughly mastered by her, yet her singing lacked the indispensable emotional element, without which there is no melody. "Put more soul into it; you sing a ballad as a man does the Magnificat," her teacher would exclaim. With quiet egotism Madame Roland remarks, "The poor man did not see that I had too much soul to put into a song." But, to return to the young physician: One day, as Marié and her mother took refuge from a shower in the house of a lady friend, the young physician met them there. "He chatted away, ill at ease, cracked a bon-bon, and remarked that he loved *sweets*. This was considered a favorable sign; papa Phlippon was ready to join their hands, and pronounce a blessing at once. The daughter did not encourage the bashful young doctor, partly because the wig then worn by the faculty gave him a ridiculous appearance, and partly because, intellectually, he fell below her ideal. She expressed no dissent, however, and the affair proceeded so far that Marié and her mother took the usual fortnight's journey

to the country, in order to be out of the way while papa made inquiries into the character and position of the aspirant." This the father did only too scrupulously. He wrote letters of inquiry to Provence, the country of the physician, and even set some of his dependents to take observations upon his conduct at home. These things came to the doctor's knowledge, and he was naturally indignant. Other difficulties intervened; and Marié was relieved from the necessity of deciding for herself as to the wearer of the ugly wig.

A new phase was now developed in the family affairs. Marié was twenty-one. Her excellent mother was stricken with paralysis, and, after lingering a short time, died. The blow fell with crushing effect upon the daughter. Her father had already become much estranged from her. She sought to win him back, to relieve his solitude, and make society for him. The effort was vain. He cared for little besides money and amusements. It was apparent that he could not enter at all into her ideas; nor she into his. Between father and daughter there was an utter incompatibility of temper. The father became dissipated in his habits, and associated with vile companions. The petted Manon of former years was left completely alone. Books and her own thoughts were her only companions. The religious feelings that succeeded her mother's death, unnurtured by any Christian helps, gradually subsided. The deep, unanswered questionings of her own spirit led her out upon a sea of mystery and uncertainty—a sea over all of whose billows hung the dark clouds of universal doubt.

We come now to another important change in her life. Among the friends of her brief year in the convent was Sophie Cannet. She was of kindred spirit with Marié. They corresponded regularly, and were strongly attached. Sophie lived with her family at Amiens, where she had little society that was prized by her—save one, whom she described to Marié as a well-informed, thoughtful man, of middle age, but who was not much at home, as most of his time was spent either in Paris, or in traveling. While thus writing to her old schoolmate about her friend, she also made mention to that friend of the schoolmate, eulogizing her talents, showing him her portrait. This awakened in him a desire to make the personal acquaintance of the gifted and philosophic young woman. At his own solicitation he became the bearer of a letter from this mutual friend, and in December, 1775, M. Roland thus made the acquaintance of Marié Jeanne Philippon.

M. Roland at this time was past forty, tall

slim, yet well formed. His manners were courteous and winning, though not free from constraint. His voice was pleasant, and his conversation that of a man of thought as well as of reading and observation. *He was a philosopher.* His sentiments on general topics were congenial with her own. His visits were frequent, and sometimes long protracted. He left his manuscripts in the care of Marié; and, while absent on a tour in Italy, he wrote to her a series of letters, "utterly free from any touch of romance or mark of affection," intended as notes for a work on that country.

He was of a very respectable family. Though engaged in trade, yet it was not without its claims to antiquity. M. Roland seems not to have been wholly insensible to the dignity and value of such claims, philosopher and republican as he was. In early life his parents had given him his choice, probably without much reference to his fitness for either, between business and holy orders. He was utterly averse to either, and finally, at the age of nineteen, to avoid being compelled to a course of life he detested, ran away from home and embarked in the wide world on his own account. He first engaged himself to a ship-builder, to go to India. The bursting of a bloodvessel imperiled his life and defeated his project. He had a relative who was superintendent of a large manufactory at Rouen. At his suggestion Roland entered the establishment. Here he distinguished himself by his "valuable head-piece," no less than by his zeal and activity. He worked his way up till he was appointed superintendent of a factory at Amiens. The Government was soon made acquainted with his rare abilities, and he was commissioned to examine the manufactories of Germany and Italy. This gave him not only fine opportunities for travel and observation, but also for the gratification of his literary and philosophic tastes.

During his absence of a year and a half in Italy his letters kept alive the interest of Marié in him. On his return his visits were renewed, and what followed we will relate in the language of another. Marié found in him a friend worth having. In his severe respectability she saw the *beau idéal* of a philosopher, and, as she had long since resolved to marry for mind rather than heart, she readily listened to the declaration of attachment which Roland at last uttered in her ears. She accepted for herself; but, with a self-denial which was perhaps the less trying because her liking for Roland was purely based on esteem and admiration, and had nothing to do with love, she told him honestly how poor a match this would be for him in a worldly point of view. Her father had dissi-



pated his fortune and hers; he was daily losing more than he made in his business, and had heavy debts to incur him. Roland, very honorably for him, only insisted the more on marriage. Though he was perhaps incapable of any thing like a passion, and would have thought it unworthy of his dignity to indulge one, he was not insensible to the attractions of a handsome girl twenty years his junior, with a mind vastly superior to his own, and who freely returned his admiration. He returned to Amiens, wrote to the jeweler to demand his daughter's hand, and was bluntly and even insolently refused. Philippon had never liked Roland. This was perhaps natural. He had seen in him a severe moralist, who would have no pity for his father-in-law's follies and vices. Roland too was nearly of his own age, and he was jealous of his superior mind and character. Considering that the new applicant was in far better position than the aspiring butcher, and was likely to rise higher still, and that his own daughter had nearly reached the—in France—hopeless age of spinsterhood—five-and-twenty—the refusal of Philippon can be accounted for only by the very strong personal dislike of Roland. To that dislike he sacrificed the interests of his daughter.

While Marié could not yet bring herself to consent to marry against her father's wishes, she felt that the time had come when she must take the management of her affairs into her own hand. The fortune she inherited from her mother was all gone save an annuity of one hundred dollars. She retired to a convent, hired a small garret, and arranged so as to make her small annuity cover the expenses of the year. This required the strictest economy. Her dinner consisted of potatoes, rice, and beans, with a little salt; and as for other meals they were of rare occurrence. She cooked and performed the other necessary housekeeping duties for herself. She shut herself up with her books. The only living companion admitted into her garret was St. Agathe, the friend of former years. Once a week only she left the convent to visit her father, and do for him what might be in her power. It was a sad period in her life. All the recollections of her happy childhood, of its bright and sunny hopes, of the dear mother, so tender and loving, now cold in the grave, and of the cruel estrangement of him who was her only protector, came rushing upon the heart and almost overwhelmed her. It will not seem strange, that with no enlightened views of Christ's mercy and of God's providence, and indeed with no guiding light, she should have attributed the prevailing disorders of society to a false social organism, which was to be uprooted. Nor can we scarcely wonder that even her wo-

man's heart should be left in perplexing doubt of all things.

Roland still continued to write to her. At the end of six months he came to Paris, had an interview with her through the iron grating of the convent-door. His proposal of marriage was now renewed, and enforced by the strong arguments of reason. Having already separated herself from her father, and he seemingly relinquished all interest in her, she no longer felt any hesitation in accepting the hand of the only friend to whom she could look with any degree of trust. They were married. Her biographer well says, that "the girlhood of Marié Philippon ended much in the manner one might expect—cold, rational, intellectual, and uncomfortable to the last, yet in its very abnegation of comfort, grand and consistent with her whole character. Without, perhaps, knowing it, she was deeply ambitious, and she chose by instinct the path which should lead her to a clear field for her ambition."

M. Roland was at this time publishing a work on the arts, and the first year of their married life was spent in Paris for this purpose. The young wife, with all her characteristic energy, entered into the literary enterprises of her husband. She prepared his manuscript for the press, corrected the proofs, and became the companion of not only his studies, but his thoughts.

In a word, she became absolutely necessary to him in all his affairs. Nor was her work merely that of proof-reader and censor. She collected and arranged the materials for her husband's works. She wielded a far more vigorous pen than he did; and it is said, with some show of truth, that "he obtained the credit for many passages rich in diction and beautiful in imagery for which he was indebted to the glowing imagination of his wife." Yet in all this there was a wonderful abnegation of self. She felt it was her high and holy mission to be the helpmeet of her husband, and she entered upon that mission with all her heart.

During the Winter she attended a course of lectures upon natural history and botany; and from them treasured up many stores of knowledge. The next two years were spent at Amiens, where her husband was engaged in the duties of his office. In 1784, he having obtained a similar office in Lyons, he moved to that city. In the neighborhood of Lyons was the Clos La Platière, the paternal mansion of the Roland family. Here they took up their residence, though not till after they had visited Switzerland and England. The literary reputation of her husband had become very extended, and that, together with his political position and influence, was attracting men of science and letters, as well

as public men from various parts, as visitors to La Platiere. Attracted to the place by the renown of the husband, when they were there they were dazzled by the courtly, though simple and unostentatious splendor of his wife. Already Madame Roland was unconsciously becoming the center of dangerous elements of power.

Both M. Roland and his wife were intensely republican. It is said that, with strange inconsistency, he at one time, very likely at the promptings of his wife's ambition, sought for letters-patent of nobility. Had he succeeded, it is not improbable that one of the most effective agents of the revolution would have been quieted. Failing in this, they first contemplated emigrating to America, hoping there to find a freer and better state of society. This idea was relinquished, and both of them looked forward to a radical revolution in society and in the Government as the only thing that could remedy the existing evils. Their genuine sympathies were with the poor, and they had an intense desire to see them improved in habits and morals, and elevated in tastes and education. The poor peasants in their district found in both of them practical friends. Their hands were ever extended to relieve their distresses and to minister to their wants. Madame Roland would visit them in sickness; and, as she had acquired considerable skill in medicine, she not unfrequently prescribed for their maladies. The gratitude and love of the poor peasants was unbounded. Many affecting memorials came to her. All this was not without its effect upon their political opinions.

She had only one child—a daughter—on whom she lavished the wealth of a mother's affection, and to whose education she devoted her energies with great assiduity. Her habits were very simple and rural. She acquired the distinction of being a superior housekeeper. Writing to a friend, she gives the following delightful picture of rural life: "I am preserving pears, which will be delicious. We are drying raisins and prunes. We make our breakfast upon wine. Overlook the servants busy in the vineyard, repose in the shady groves and on the green meadows, gather walnuts from the trees, and, having collected our stock of fruit for the Winter, spread it in the garret to dry. After breakfast this morning we are all going in a body to gather almonds. Throw off, then, dear friend, your fetters for a while, and come and join us in our retreat. You will find here true friendship and real simplicity of heart." Writing to M. Bosc, she gives a purely-domestic picture not less interesting. "Seated in my chimney-corner at eleven before noon, after a peaceful night, and my morning tasks—my husband at his desk, and my little girl knitting—I

am conversing with the former, and overlooking the work of the latter—enjoying the happiness of being warmly sheltered in the bosom of my dear little family, and writing to a friend, while the snow is falling upon so many poor wretches, overwhelmed with sorrow and penury. I grieve over their fate, I repose on my own, and make no account of those family annoyances which appeared formerly to tarnish my felicity. I am delighted at being restored to my accustomed way of existence." These were calm, peaceful pictures. Who could have imagined that the desolating tornado was so near at hand? Who could have imagined that these two individuals, so simple and rural in their tastes, so quiet in their character, and so philosophic in their inclinations and pursuits, would play so important, and to themselves so ruinous a rôle in that coming fearful and blood-stained revolution?

But this apparent repose is deceptive. The tempest is about to break upon it. Its distant rumblings are already heard. Not the scene, but the part played in it by Madame Roland, and the disastrous conclusion of that part, will next require our attention. We will tell you how the female Girondist, born and nurtured in the bosom of art and literature, conducted herself amidst the storm of revolution—and how she died.

### BY THE SEA.

BY LYDIA J. CARPENTER.

RESTLESSLY the waves are dashing  
Up against the shore;  
Weird and solemn are the voices  
Mingling with their roar.

Oftentimes I see the gleaming  
Of a snowy hand,  
As the crested billows murmur  
To the ocean strand.

And I sometimes almost fancy  
That it beckons me,  
To those isles of bloom and beauty,  
Far beyond the sea.

Then I look, and listen, wond'ring,  
For across the sea  
Float the notes of tender cadence,  
Even unto me.

Like the wind on harps æolian,  
Sounds the far-off strain;  
Clear it swells, forever burdened  
With a sweet refrain.

All my soul is filled with longing  
For that blissful shore;  
There I know those heavenly voices  
Sing for evermore.



"WHAT CAN THEY DO?"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"WELL, Doctor, what can these daughters of your friend do?"

Doctor Randolph shook his head gravely.

"There 's the rub, my dear sir. They can't do any thing so far as I can make out."

"Yet they 've all of them reached an age in which they ought to be of some use or service in the world," continued the first speaker, Mr. Dayton, in whose face there was a pleasant mingling of shrewdness and benignity.

"That 's true, my friend," and Dr. Randolph put one leg over the other in an uneasy manner, and sighed to himself, after which he continued, "But you know, Mr. Dayton, young ladies in these times are not educated for service or use. *That* is the very last idea which enters into the formation of the mind and character of a fashionable young lady of our day and generation. The great absorbing aim and purpose of their whole training is to fit them for society, to prepare them for a merely *ornamental* existence, for a life vapid and useless, consecrated by no worship of work, by no ennobling idea or purpose—a life simply of frivolity, enjoyment, and selfishness."

"Sir," said Mr. Dayton, and a flush of fervid feeling flashed over the calm, benignant face, "it is a burning shame that these things be. It is a sin against God and man for fathers and mothers to bring up their children in this manner. What is to become of this nation if our sons and our daughters are bred in these ways of indolence and self-indulgence? It 's sickening to think of it. Nobody 's a *right* to live in the world as a mere drone. If he can't join the great general hive of doers and laborers he 's only in the way, and the sooner he gets out of it the better."

"True as the Gospel, sir," answered Dr. Randolph, putting his hands in his pocket this time, for he was a small, nervous man, and had a habit of constantly changing his attitude and placing his limbs in some new position, although I am very glad to affirm that this physical mutation did not extend itself to the Doctor's mental or moral nature. He was a man of sterling integrity, very tenacious of his ideas and opinions, but these were formed on the basis of a broad, enlightened judgment and a kind and generous heart.

"I sometimes wish, when I see the vanity and frivolity, the indifference and absolute selfishness of so many of the young women of our own age, that we could go back to the simple,

sincere, hard-working days of our grandmothers. A smattering of French and a little acquaintance with music does n't atone for the lack of all housewifely knowledge, of all that vast range of home duties and skillfulness which alone fits a woman to become a wife or a mother."

"True, my friend, true. But, excuse me, I 've taken you and myself from the particular case to the general fact."

"The particular case is one of ten thousand," replied the Doctor, "for which our present habits and mode of living are largely responsible. But this one appeals especially to my sympathies, for William Deming was my friend, and served me in various ways when I was a young physician and struggling for the first round of the ladder; and, though I had opportunities of proving to him afterward that I had n't forgotten the time when he lent me a helping hand, still, now his wife is a widow and his children fatherless, I feel a strong desire to do them a good turn if it 's in my power."

"Well, Doctor, do you want me to head a subscription or any thing of that sort? You know I do n't fancy having my name trumpeted before the world, but in a quiet way I 'm ready to serve these friends of yours in their misfortune. Will a hundred dollars do?"

"That 's a liberal offer, my friend, and I shall be glad to avail myself of it, for William Deming did n't leave a dollar for his daintily-reared children."

"Bad, bad," and this time it was Mr. Dayton who shook his head. "And yet, Doctor, not so bad either if they 've got good health, and good pluck, and common-sense. There 's many a worse thing in the world than being left penniless—I was fifty years ago; and if there 's one especial thing for which I have this hour to thank God as I look back on the life that 's getting near the end of the road it 's the fact that I was a friendless, penniless boy once, and had my own way to make in the world."

Dr. Randolph leaned over and shook hands heartily with Mr. Dayton.

"I honor you, old friend," he said, and the Doctor's soul was in his pleasant, swift-glancing eyes. "I love to see a self-made man who is n't ashamed to own it, and who has earned himself a name that does him more credit than his fortune, although it 's as great as yours is to-day, Solomon Dayton."

These two were old friends of nearly two score years. They could afford to be frank with each other sometimes.

There was a little pause because of the current of feeling which had wound into the dis-

course. Doctor Randolph resumed the old thread when he spoke again.

"But it is n't so easy for women to make their way as it is for men, Mr. Dayton."

"Very true. We must make allowance for that, and yet there are my three girls, Doctor Randolph. I should n't have a fear but they could maintain themselves comfortably, even genteelly, if I were to leave them without a dollar in the world."

"And their father a millionaire!" smiled Doctor Randolph.

"If I had been worth a hundred times what I am, I should have considered myself a most unfaithful parent to my daughters if I had not seen that every one of them was capable, either with her head or hands, of taking care of herself."

The Doctor sighed, "Alas! if my poor friend had been as wise."

"Well, Doctor, we won't wander off from the straight turnpike of our subject again. What do you propose doing for this family of your friend's?"

"It's a hard question, sir. The long and short of it is, they're utterly incapable of helping themselves. The girls are just what might be expected, from the atmosphere which they've inhaled from their infancy upward, proud, fastidious, sensitive, with no knowledge of the world, beyond its fashionable side, and, of course, would feel that honest labor was disgrace. Do n't look too indignant, Mr. Dayton; the poor girls' misfortunes call for our pity, and their false ideas are the result of their bringing up."

"True. What sort of a woman is the mother?"

"She's a nervous, weak-minded, fashionable woman, who has been all her life ambitious of social position and display. My friend married her for her pretty face, and her extravagance run him through, and the anxiety, superinduced by the state of his affairs, threw him into the fever of which he died, a bankrupt."

"And have they no plans for their future?"

"None whatsoever. The poor mother is thrown into utter despair at the death of her husband, and what she regards the disgrace of her family, and the sudden shock seems to have completely bewildered the girls—poor young things!" and Doctor Randolph tapped the carpet uneasily with his right foot.

Mr. Dayton's eyes were full of sympathy over the picture the Doctor drew. "We must do something for them," he said.

"That's precisely what I've been thinking, but the trouble seems to be here—the way in which to do it. With their expensive habits and tastes they, of course, have no idea of econ-

omy, and won't know *how* to come down into a small, plain style of living; and there's no chance for that even. William Deming did n't so much as have his life insured!"

"Can't the mother be stimulated into some exertion for her children's sake? She might teach school, or take a few boarders."

"She has n't the least faculty for any thing of the kind. I have more hope of the girls than of the mother."

"Well, then, your duty is plain, Doctor; just set the facts of the whole case before their minds, and see if you can't infuse some good ideas among all the false ones which they have imbibed. Do your duty faithfully, my friend, in this matter; misfortune and loss must have made their hearts peculiarly susceptible to the truth. It may be that through you they will catch some glimpses of the falseness and folly of their past life, of the true dignity of labor, and the real objects of life, so that in the end this great loss and sorrow shall be their gain."

"That's what I shall do this very night, to the best of my ability," said Doctor Randolph, looking at his watch, and rising up. "Pray God it may be as you say!"

"And for the rest you may call upon me for any amount you think proper."

"Thank you, Mr. Dayton. Of all the men I know in the world, I came to you, certain that *your* heart would be quick to feel for the widow and the orphan in their affliction."

"Thank you, my friend. It is the sweetest praise you could have bestowed upon me."

And the gentlemen shook hands and parted.

"I had a sleepless night," said Julia Deming, the eldest of the three daughters of the late William Deming, as she met her sisters in the alcove, back of the parlors, the morning after Doctor Randolph's visit.

"And so did I," subjoined Elizabeth, the youngest.

"And so did I," said Ellen, the second sister.

"It is terrible to think what we've come to!" continued the eldest girl, seating herself on a low ottoman. "I never realized it before, but I do fully now, and the consequences! We must give up this house in a few weeks, and sell our furniture, and go off somewhere and hide ourselves and our poverty for the rest of our lives. We shall be looked down on with scorn and contempt by every body in our set, and those we would n't associate with will triumph over our misfortunes now. O, if dear papa had n't died!" and she burst into tears.

Ellen and Elizabeth wept with her—the one seated on a small lounge, in a corner of the



alcove, the other in a velvet arm-chair which had been her father's.

They were pretty, graceful girls, with the carriage and air which indicated at once that they had had what the world regards as high social culture, and the pain and grief in their fair young faces might have touched any heart.

"But what shall we do, girls?" inquired Ellen, at last dropping her fingers from her wet eyes. "Dr. Randolph suggested my teaching music, last night, but the truth is, although I can execute so nicely at a *soirée*, or perform a great many difficult pieces with brilliant effect, as you know, still, understanding the principles of music well enough to teach them is quite another thing. I should n't dare attempt it; and then, just think of having it said that I was a music teacher, going about from house to house, and being slighted and insulted in the very parlors where it was considered an honor to receive me! O, dear, it would kill me, I know it would!" and she sobbed again.

"Do n't feel so bad, Ellen," said Elizabeth, going up to her sister, and drawing her arm about her waist. "It's dreadful hard, I know; but I'm willing to take my share of the burden. I thought last night I could set up a little infant school, and try what I could do there. We've got some friends, I know, who won't turn a cold shoulder to us in this time of trouble. Think of Dr. Randolph, and how he talked last night; I declare I felt while I listened to him as though what he said was true, and poverty, and labor even, need n't disgrace us, if we did n't disgrace ourselves."

"It does very well for Doctor Randolph to talk!" said Julia Deming, with a good deal of decision in her tones; "and there's no doubt but he's a good man, and he's shown himself a true friend to poor papa and us; and all he says about the dignity of labor and moral heroism, and true self-respect, would sound very well in a novel, but it's a different matter in actual life."

"For my part, I never could stand being looked down upon, and slighted, and scorned because I was poor. I never could earn my daily bread by the toil of my head and hands, and live in obscurity, and I've taken my resolution—I never will!" and she lifted her fair young head, and set her lips in lines of fixed determination.

"Why, Julia, what *will* you do?" simultaneously queried her sisters.

"I have made up my mind; I shall marry Mr. Munson!"

"O, Julia!" exclaimed the sisters again.

"I shall do it!" she added vehemently. "No

matter if he is old enough to be my father, and silly, and disagreeable generally, he'll place me in a magnificent home on Fifth Avenue, and surround me with all the luxuries that I've been used to, and can't exist without. He'll be glad enough to get me under any circumstances, to preside over his elegant home, and I shall know just how to manage him; and any way I shall be a rich man's wife, and that is better than poverty, and supporting one's self, which I never could do."

"But you do n't love this man, Julia, you know you do n't," interposed the soft, deprecatory tones of Elizabeth Deming; "and it's so dreadful mercenary to marry a man simply for his money; just think of it."

A little shiver of loathing went over the half-bowed figure of the elder sister.

"I can't help that," she said, after a little pause, in cold, settled tones. "It is n't so bad as poverty and disgrace, and I can do something for poor mamma, too, and the rest of us."

"I mean to try and do something for myself," answered Elizabeth sadly.

"Do as I am doing," counseled the elder sister. "You know, Elizabeth, that Richard Holden would go down on his knees this very hour to get you for his wife!"

"He's an only son, and his father's a millionaire, no matter if he is awkward and homely, and no smarter than he ought to be; he'll give you a magnificent home, and surround you with every luxury; and Ellen can live with you, and mamma with me. Take my advice, Elizabeth, for I am four years your senior."

"I can not," said the young girl, springing up from her seat, and pacing the small alcove to and fro; "I can not"—and the roses opened suddenly and burned wide in her fair cheeks—"marry a man for whom I have neither regard nor respect. I can not stand at the altar and, with God and angels looking upon me, sell the sacred name of wife for money. No; I'd rather toil with these hands," and she lifted them up, soft and white as lilies, before her eyes, "than do such a wrong to my own soul!"

"Well, Elizabeth, I will not urge you," said Julia, after a little pause; "only I have made up my own mind, and I shall abide by it. This very evening I shall send for Mr. Munson."

And Ellen looked from one sister to the other, and sighed heavily, and then the three girls went up stairs to their mother, who had not left her chamber since the death of her husband.

One morning, about two months after the conversations related above had transpired, as Doctor Randolph sat in his office, a lady entered,

dressed in deep mourning, and as soon as she threw aside her vail, he recognized Elizabeth Deming.

"My dear child," said the Doctor, "what in the world has brought you here?" seating her in his own chair, for he was on intimate terms with the whole family.

"I've come to have a private talk with you, Doctor," said the young lady, and her soft, dark eyes filled with tears. "You were my father's best friend, Doctor Randolph—for his sake will you be this to his child?"

"I'll do any thing that lies in my power to serve you, my dear young lady," responded the Doctor, warmly pressing her hand.

"Thank you, Doctor, as the heart of a lonely orphan only can! I have thought much of all that you said to us that night when you talked so kindly, and yet so plainly, of our altered circumstances, and it's seemed ever since that my eyes have been opening, and I've seen there was some fatal mistake in the bringing up of both my sisters and myself."

"There was, my child," said the Doctor. "I've seen it plain enough too."

"Mamma," continued the girl, "and Julia, and Ellen do n't feel as I do. I suppose you know that Julia will be married next week to Mr. Munson."

The Doctor shook his head. "He has n't got much to recommend him but his money."

"And you know, and I know, Doctor Randolph, that my poor sister feels compelled to marry him for *that*. She has n't the courage to look the world in the face and battle bravely in our altered circumstances for her subsistence, and so she will go to the altar the unloving wife of a rich old man!" And here Elizabeth Deming burst into tears, and the Doctor could think of no words to comfort her.

At last she looked up—"It need n't have been so," she said. "If Julia had been educated for *use*, instead of merely for show and fashionable life, she could have maintained herself with independence and dignity, instead of sacrificing herself as she is about to do."

"No doubt of it, no doubt of it," said the Doctor, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Munson has been very kind. He has urged mamma, and Ellen, and myself to make his home our own. They will live with Julia; but, Doctor, I can't consent to this; I long to be independent, to feel that I am doing something in the world; that it is a little better and happier because I'm in it."

"Noble girl; noble girl!" said the Doctor, patting the girl's shoulder.

"I've been thinking that perhaps you could

find me some situation in the hospitals, which are now receiving the wounded soldiers in the city; I want to do something for the brave men who have suffered so much in defending our country. You know, Doctor, that I had some experience in nursing the sick during dear papa's illness, for he would never have me leave his bedside. Now, Doctor, I want you to use your influence to procure me some humble place in the hospitals, where I can be of service."

"I'll do it, my brave girl, and God will bless you for the spirit you manifest in this matter," replied Doctor Randolph.

"And make me, I hope, a wiser and a better woman," answered Elizabeth Deming, smiling up to the Doctor through her tears.

Dear reader, it may be that our story has some meaning or message for you; if so, we beseech you to heed it. No matter how prosperous your circumstances may be, or how many your friends, you know not what reverses lie before you in times like the present, and in a country like our own.

The future may hold for you, also, a day when you shall be dependent solely upon your own exertions for your subsistence, and be sure that you are prepared to meet it with brain or hands.

Work of any kind is honorable, and indolence in any sphere of life is disgraceful, *sinful*. If you have been educated in false ideas of life, and of its true aims and dignity, have moral heroism enough to deliver yourself from their influence, and feel that relying upon your own resources, should adversity ever darken about your path, you can look the world in the face, with a heart "brave and of good cheer."

#### A PRAYER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

JESUS, I come to thee, weary and weak;  
O, be not angry with what I shall speak:  
Frail as a reed by the rude tempest tost,  
Pity me, Savior! or I shall be lost.

Bringing no merit of self as a plea,  
Jesus, in helplessness cling I to thee!  
Not for an earthly love, meekly I sue,  
Not that life's roses my pathway may strew;

If where I journey the sunlight shall lie,  
Or the dark thunder-cloud curtain the sky,  
Be the way fearful, or flowery, or rough,  
God, be my refuge! and it is enough.

Than any other, 't will gladden me more,  
Jesus, the thought that thou goest before,  
Mixing life's draught, be it bitter or sweet,  
Marking in mercy the paths for my feet!



## THE MAGIC OF SYSTEM.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"DEAR me!" sighed Carrie Miller, "my sewing work looks like a mountain. I hardly dare to touch it. I get so little time to sew, too—all for your little hindering hands," she added, kissing Minnie's dimpled fingers. "I get discouraged sometimes, Aunt Lois. If we were only rich, now—"

"Don't get discouraged, Carrie. Every housekeeper sees just such times, and they all pass over. If you were so rich you need never touch a needle, or any other work, you would have some other trouble you would feel quite as much. Those who have 'neither poverty nor riches' are the happiest as far as this world goes. Wealth never made any one happy yet. There must be something higher to satisfy the soul. The Duke of Queensberry leaned over the balcony of his beautiful country seat, and saw spread out before him a scene of the rarest beauty and magnificence. The Thames rolled on through the beautiful landscape, and as he watched its windings, he exclaimed, 'O, that wearisome river! will it never cease running, running—and I so tired of it!' Would you desire to exchange places with him? That was only a fanciful trouble, but just as real to him. Every one must meet troubles in this life; and the great secret of happiness is to learn to bear them well—as some one says, 'to pack them into as small a compass as possible, so we can carry them more easily;' and, in the first place, it is well to look them fairly in the face, and see just what we have to meet.

"Now, Carrie, dear, just run and get a pencil and paper, and let us make out a list of all the pieces of sewing you have to do, down to the very patching and darning. I will take baby. Don't you think she would like to sit on the floor and play, Carrie? If you will fold up a soft quilt, and spread it down, we will try her. There, little daisy! Now some playthings for her—something that will make a noise. That rattlebox seems nearly worn out. Suppose we borrow a bright tin basin full of clothes-pins from the kitchen. There, I think that will amuse her some time."

"It is the last plaything I should ever have thought of," said the mother, laughing, as she saw the little one's delight in dashing about the wonderful toys, grasping them more eagerly than she would golden coin in later years.

"Any thing will answer which she will not injure, and which will not hurt her. A little ingenuity in contriving some new thing, will often save hours of valuable time. Now for your list."

So the next half-hour was spent in noting down the things to be done—and a pretty formidable column it seemed. There were forty-seven pieces in all, and Carrie looked more discouraged than ever, as she glanced them over.

"It looks like a mountain, as you say, Carrie; but I remember seeing the picture, once, of a man, with a pickax in his hand, at the base of a mountain, laboring to reduce the pile, with this motto below it, 'Little by little.' Now, of all these articles, which do you need most?"

"Well," said Carrie, after a little deliberation, "I think George needs to have his coat mended as much as any thing else."

"Well, dear, run right away and get your pieces, and we will soon have that off our hands. We often waste a great deal of time by irresolution, by not deciding what we will do, and then doing it at once."

Carrie set to work with a hearty will, and, by keeping baby amused with the tea-bell, and a piece of rustling, brown paper, she succeeded in finishing it before dinner-time. She felt well paid, when her husband went to put the coat on, to have him remark, in a pleased tone, "Why, Carrie, you have fixed up my coat equal to a tailor."

Aunt Lois, too, had finished a sweet little apron for Minnie, and hemmed a handkerchief for her nephew. So there were three articles less on the list, and Carrie looked quite encouraged. In the afternoon baby took a good nap, and a little dress was quite finished, and a pair of shirts cut out and commenced. Altogether, it was a very good day's work.

"I don't see what magic there is in setting down on a piece of paper what I have to do; but I am sure I have not accomplished so much this long time."

"The 'magic' consists in systematizing your work, Carrie. You can accomplish at the least a third more by planning well beforehand. And when you commence a garment, try to finish, if possible, before beginning another; though it is well to cut out and roll up carefully a number of articles when you are about it. Always try to do first that which you need most. Then, too, you have the satisfaction of seeing what you have done every day, and that is a great encouragement. I wish every housekeeper would only try for a week the plan of laying out her work, as far as possible, every evening, for the next day, and then see at the end if she has not accomplished twice as much as usual. I know a woman's life is full of interruptions, and that the best-laid plans must often be set aside for the sake of others; yet, with all that, I am sure we can do a great deal more by having a system

than by letting things take their chance of getting done. Just get beforehand once with your work, and you will be surprised to see how much leisure you have, and how much more you can enjoy every thing."

### THINKING.

#### ITS NECESSITIES AND PLEASURES.

BY ROBERT ALLYN, A. M.

TO a human being seeking the perfection of his whole nature, and determined to attain that perfection, several things are highly important, and therefore profitable, necessary, and consequently imperative. All these are alike enforced by each man's obligations to God as his Maker, to himself as capable in some degree of promoting his own enjoyment, and to his fellow-men as often and greatly dependent on him for their happiness.

A rational creature *must* THINK. This is the basis or ground of all human improvement, individual or social. The Almighty has so made the mind that it can never cease to think but by annihilation. Sleep may render one unconscious of the specific thoughts or images formed by his mind. Catalepsy, or suspended animation, may compel one to lose all trace of the current of ideas flowing through the brain, just as we lose the track of a vessel passing through the water, or the path of a sunbeam in the air, or the electric fluid along the telegraph wire. Death may interrupt the movement, and even change, in part or whole, the mode of thinking. But while the immortal mind lives, there must continue to circulate through all its substance the magnetism of thought. Or, to take a more material figure, while the soul exists, thought—which is but its life-blood—must throb in all its arteries, giving health and vigor to all its faculties.

We have been told that the only difference between man and brute is in the power of thought. While this may be true to those who utter it, and in the sense which they intend to convey, it is, in fact, so far from the truth that a downright falsehood could not well work more harm. Old Socrates very clearly apprehended the damaging falsity of such a statement, and adroitly exposed its specious sophistry by an apt illustration. Suppose, says he, there existed a creature having the mind of a man and the form of an ox; or a creature having the form of a man and the mind of an ox; of what use would either be in this world, or what enjoyment could it find? Each of these imaginary beings would

be helpless, useless, miserable, and ridiculous. The simple power to think is not, therefore, the whole difference between man and brute. Not this is the entire crown of his superiority; but it is the proper correspondence of mind to body which makes man the lord of creation. At the same time, the ability to direct the thoughts and to control the operations of the mind has much to do with this supremacy. A brute's thoughts come or go as external things compel its nature. Somewhat so of a child's thoughts, or those of an undisciplined mind. Not so, however, with the mature and well-regulated mind of a man. All the thoughts of this latter are bound together and held in subjection to a law, and can be sent forth or recalled almost at pleasure.

It is, likewise, this power to control and direct the thoughts which gives to man's body its peculiar and almost incredible force, agility, skill, and capability. And by this have mankind accumulated wisdom, or practical knowledge, and laid it up in grand piles of architecture, in massive structures and contrivances for the convenience of commerce and travel, in works of taste and monuments of art, in the gathered and classified treasures of science and philosophy, in the written volumes of profiting feeling and emotion, in the rich stores of human experience, in the social and governmental institutions gradually built by the toil of centuries and in the teachings of divine inspiration. In all these forms thought is the only real, always available, and inexhaustible wealth of the world. Besides, thought, both human and divine, is the sole lever by which the race has been raised, and it is the only power which can elevate mankind to still nobler grandeurs. How essential, then, that we learn to think! And since we are compelled by our own natures to think, and since the race has derived the greatest advantages from thinking, what can be more profitable and more pleasurable than to consider the reason or method of thinking, together with some practical directions to make it most largely interesting and advantageous?

But can we learn to think? Is not thought an involuntary matter? And has it not already been said that the mind must be active at all times? Does it not, therefore, follow that the thoughts—as many metaphysicians declare—are not under the control of the will? And can we learn to do that which is involuntary, and to control or command that which is not subject to our power? These questions are somewhat paradoxical; and however they may be answered in the abstract, or however difficult they may appear in theory, there is no debate as to the concrete and well-experienced practical fact in



the case, as felt by every man's consciousness. We do know that even the instinctive and involuntary acts and operations of both body and mind can, in a limited degree, at least—and the limit is often not a small one—be controlled by the will. Who has not at times shortened his breathing or suppressed certain very natural instinctive fears? What student does not know that he has for years been growing in power to command his roving fancies, and make them obedient to his needs and not to his moods? And while it may be admitted, that thinking is in so far like the circulation of the blood, that it can only cease with life, it is yet so very unlike that circulation, that it can be modified by a proper course of discipline. In other words, the mind is so far automatic, or self-acting, and self-regulating, that a long-continued, well-planned course of culture and government will affect seriously and beneficially its character and movements.

The child born into this material world alive, at the maturity of its embryoship, undoubtedly begins to think, because the sensations forced upon its organs by some form of external nature compel the machineries of its little soul to move. The child dead before this period, and entering upon the unknown and heavenly state without a separate existence in this, may begin to think, by the self-acting powers of its spirit according to laws and impulses of its spiritual nature. Yet, involuntary as the beginnings of thought must necessarily be, and however remote their secret springs may be from the direct power of the will, we can and do indirectly and potently alter and control, modify and shape, our current of thought. Rivers did not at first determine whence their waters should flow, nor by what channels they should finally reach the ocean; but, notwithstanding, the waters of those rivers have worn, changed, cut, and largely modified their banks, and the general form of those channels, and are still doing the same thing daily. Were there now a living principle in those waters, would it not give them new powers to effect modifications far more frequently and efficiently? So of the thoughts of the human mind. They began to move without the mind's will, and they will continue to move despite its efforts. Still, they *do yield* to the force of that will, and may be made to do so more and more daily.

But how we think, or how we begin to think, or how much we may control the thoughts, are not the questions. How can we best profit by our thinking? This is the grand question, and it is like the questions of the fabled Sphinx. If we do not answer it, we must die mentally, or

only live in a state—worse than death—of intellectual decrepitude, a kind of living death, more to be dreaded than the tortures of the rack or the loathsomeness of the dungeon. Let us then bravely attempt an answer, and if we prove unable to make a true and full solution of the riddle, and hence pass sentence of condemnation on ourselves, we shall, at least, evince an earnest desire to live—a thing which those who refuse the trial do not show; and even if we fail, our shipwrecked bark may serve as a beacon to warn others to avoid the shoals on which we shall strike.

One part of the answer to this absorbing question is very simple, yet, like all simple things, very hard to explain. We must put forth an effort; we must strive practically and persistently to gain an absolute command of the thoughts. It has been granted that, directly, we can not wholly govern the thoughts. But shall we, therefore, never attempt any government whatever? Because we can not live in perfect health forever, shall we take no care of our bodies? Or, because health is beyond our direct power to produce, shall we never use any means both of preserving and promoting it? Or, because the raising a crop of wheat is beyond our human skill, shall we never plant and cultivate? The thoughts are to us real personages, as truly real and valuable as are soldiers to a general. By them we are to conquer all the vast realms of science, and overcome and destroy the hosts of ignorance and wickedness. Happy is he who can create or call them from the chaos of his fancies, or who can sow the seeds from which they shall grow, like the armed men that sprang up where Cadmus scattered the dragon's teeth. But happier still is he who can marshal living thoughts, and set them in array like an army with banners. He who can create them, or bring them trooping before him at his call, is a genius, and wielding a force which the earthquake itself does not. He who can enroll and discipline them is a king or commander; while he who can use them and lead them to battle is the true leader and ruler of himself, and the noblest benefactor of his species. How often have men wondered, with even a profound admiration, at the absorbed self-control of the philosopher Archimedes, whose thoughts would, amidst the dangers of a plundered city, obey his will, as the good Ariel obeyed the wand of Prospero; how often have they been astonished at the power of Massena, who, Bonaparte said, could think better in the noise and disorder of battle than in his tent; or at the grasp and self-control of Caesar and Napoleon, each of whom could think clearly any where, even if

confusion reigned around, and, when other minds were overwhelmed by the multitude of subjects brought before them, never lost their balance of self-command! And yet not one of these men ruled his mind and its thoughts for the good of the world, or tried to lay hold of thoughts higher than his own. But Wesley had as complete a power over his own thoughts, and never a selfish imagination entered his heart. He ruled his own mind, and knew also the mind of God, adding the Divine power to the human, and accomplishing such wonders of self-ruling—and, therefore, nobler wonders of ruling other minds and circumstances—as never another man, saving St. Paul, ever accomplished. Such instances make us to realize how the mind can govern itself, if not in an equal degree in all cases, at least to a very remarkable extent; and they specifically inform us that GENIUS consists far more in the power to command and to be obeyed within the thoughts than in all other things put together. Can not every man, then, make himself a genius? and is not genius a thing of cultivation? Queries these, which this paper does not propose definitely to decide.

Let us here pick up a different thread, which runs along the woof of our discourse. Can we think without words? Questions alone answer this query. How does the young child think during its first month of conscious babyhood? That it does think every body knows who has ever seen its eye watch the lamp of the nurse moved around its chamber, or seen it start at the sound of a song or of footsteps. How many words has it learned when its first smile, glimmering like a sunbeam on the morning sky, flashes out under the warmth of its mother's loving and laughing eye? And does the grown man—the philosopher, if you please—always stop to put his hurrying thoughts into words? Did not Newton, when he saw the falling apple, think in a moment, through a train of reasoning which three years of hard study scarcely sufficed to bring into the condensed formula of algebra, not to say the fuller form of words? Do you say that words were underlying all that philosopher's mighty processes of thinking, though he was unconscious of them; just as we are never aware of the bottom of the river which bears us on its sweeping current? But are words of which we are not conscious any *words* at all? Sir William Hamilton does indeed contend that thoughts of which we are never conscious are nevertheless real thoughts, and do actually maintain the proper connections among our ideas, and carry our reasonings or associations along to their legitimate conclusions. The earth is as real a conductor, though man can not

mark the track of the fluid along its surface, as is the visible wire stretched upon the poles, and it answers equally well for a thousand crossing and recrossing lines of communication. This may be true. At all events it can not be disproved. But words or no words, the truth is here, really more curious than useful, and for the purposes of this paper, which aims to be practical, it may be dropped at once, with the remark that if any young person desires to control his thoughts, he must gain that power chiefly by putting his ideas into distinct and well-considered words. No one certainly has the power fully to know and preserve his thoughts, unless he can express them to himself, if not others, in intelligible words.

Let it now be inquired what are the directions most profitable to aid every one in this grandest work of man—subduing his own rebellious mind and roving fancies?

1. THINK TRUTHFULLY. Take hold of truth and reflect upon it in all its varied lights, hammering it on the anvil of observation or imagination, with all your force, till it is heated and fused, and, at last, welded into the chain of your habits and tendencies. This truth need not of necessity be a fact. It may exist only in your own creative imagination. But it must be real and consistent with all other truth tested by your judgment or your reason. Here is the defect of most of our current fictions. They are fictions in the bad sense of the word—they are *feigned*, not *made*, and they are beneath the study or notice of an intelligent monkey. And if such a being could express his deliberate opinion upon them, he would require only one word with which to characterize them all. Nothing of permanent good can flow from a mind that does not carefully examine its own thoughts, and compare them with the great standard, according to which, "whatsoever things are true" are enjoined as special matters of thought and reflection.

2. THINK SYSTEMATICALLY. Have a method in all your thinking—a beginning, a middle, and an end to every thought. Some men never begin a thought. An accident begins their thinking, and when they become conscious of their thoughts they have been embarked a long time on a deceitful flood of uncertain reveries. They never find themselves till, like Virgil's sailors, they are out on a boundless sea, where "no heavens, no sun, no earth any where appear." And they cease to think, without having arrived at any conclusion or termination of their mental voyage. As they began exactly no where, and went in the same inconstant direction, they at length do, directly and without mistake, reach



the goal of that undiscovered country—so unlike Addison's definition of infinity, which had "its center every-where, and its circumference no where," that it properly has its center no where, and its circumference every-where—no where, and there they wander without aim or purpose. The mind, when it acts according to its legitimate methods, is a very systematic thing. But, like a watch, it must move on the plan which its Maker had in his mind when he formed it. It can not be made to move backward and forward without order or aim, at the whim of its owner. It can be controlled only when it is systematically managed. When the locomotive runs upon the track made for it, a child can direct and control it, though the pressure of the steam is two hundred pounds to the inch, and the speed sixty miles an hour. But let it go wildly off its track, and an army of skillful engineers can not guide it, no matter how safe the force of steam, or how slow the motion.

3. **THINK LOGICALLY.** When you have begun at the beginning of a train of thought, pass on at least toward the middle, and then for the end at last. Do not try to repeat in practice the inane speculations of the schoolmen, who inquired whether an angel could pass through two points in space, distant from each other, without passing through the intermediate ones. Some minds seem able to accomplish such an absurd feat. They seem to begin at the middle of a thought, and, setting off for both ends at once, they reach neither end in no time. Do not try any such mental legerdemain. Take a thought by the right end, and finish it, and afterward take another that connects with it, and so on through the whole circle.

4. **THINK HABITUALLY.** This topic, important in itself, can receive only a cursory glance. A man can never do any thing naturally, and therefore perfectly, till he does it habitually, and nearly unconsciously. He who knows when his stomach is digesting his dinner is in a bad way. So, where the thoughts flow truthfully, systematically, and logically, without the man's special attention to them, they may be said to be habitually right. But this high state of perfection does by no means come as good digestion comes, in the first place, without attention and effort. Yet even a good digestion in the stomach can not be long preserved if the meals are taken irregularly and without care as to quality or preparation of the food. So neither can the power to think thus naturally be acquired and maintained, unless great care of the mind's actions has been long and vigorously exercised. The pearl merchants of the East are said to tie all their pearls together at random upon one

string for convenience in carrying them. So we may, and must, let habit bind our thoughts together, but not at random. They must have been assorted; and, being thus placed like to like, in regular succession, there will be beauty and grace as well as control. Habits join our thoughts in the same manner as the couplings unite the locomotive and cars of a railway train, and when the leading thought is set in motion the whole must move in obedience to it. Habits which thus bind the thoughts in trains of purity and goodness, do wonderfully help us in all our strivings after a high and holy improvement.

5. **THINK PRACTICALLY.** Remember that the great end of thinking is to prepare to do something. Therefore, think on topics connected with life and duty—such as God and our relations to him; on facts, and their significance and sequences; on laws, natural, moral, social, and spiritual, and their bearings; think about means and ends, motives and consequences, right and wrong, and the great infinity of topics connected with all the interests of the soul. All these, and more, have a direct and immediate bearing upon your every-day life, and also on your endless future. The mind was made to think on them, and it can no more live and thrive without meditation upon them than the body can grow when fed upon grass. Your soul must practically grapple with them, or you will lose your rational manhood, and disappoint the just demands and expectations of your beneficent Maker.

You may indeed acquire speculative acuteness, or mere logical adroitness, by thinking, as others have done, "whether an infinite body can move in infinite space?" or, "what would be the effect if an irresistible force should strike upon an immovable obstacle?" But of what earthly, or unearthly, use will these questions be when settled on the unsubstantial basis of theoretical fancy? Could you, thereafter, better decide whether to read Eugene Sue's nasty books, Tom Paine's vile blasphemies, Rousseau's filthy Confessions, or the Bible? Could you, thenceforward, sooner and more rightly decide whether to spend a penny in trash and gewgaws for dress, or confections for sensuality, or to give it to the poor widow, or the child of a soldier lately dead, after the long pain and pining of a wound received in defense of his country? Could you, for a whole age of such thinking, be better prepared to offer advice to the poor woman perplexed about the profitability of pigs and poultry? or comfort the sickly child crying over the breaking of a favorite toy? Such things as these last, you say, are not very

great. Granted. But they are very real and common and intensely practical. Our life is filled with them, and the world wants some of them settled every day, and *practical*, common-sense thinking must do it. Neither your instincts nor your intuitions, sublime and infallible as some will tell you these are, can decide them. And these practical, every-day matters will not decide themselves. Yet they must decide or our world will sink back into "chaos and old night." Thinking alone will do it, and thinking not originating in chance or carried on irregularly and feebly, but begun of set purpose and prosecuted till it has grown into a practical habit and controlling law of the life.

6. THINK CAREFULLY. Be sure that you know that every step is to be on solid ground before you take it. See that every stone in the fabric which your thoughts are rearing is not only good and properly shaped, but that it has a good foundation to rest on, and also that it is so laid into the work as to form a proper place for all above it. Thinking carefully is not necessarily a slow process. A telegram sent slowly or a cannon fired easily would be no more sure of performing its work than one sent with the velocity of light or fired like the bolts of Jove. So with thought. It may fly through a decade of reasoning at a glance and go as surely and as carefully as if it moved at a snail's pace.

7. THINK PURELY. The plain rules given before apply to the intellectual more largely, while this last refers chiefly to the moral and spiritual nature. This also rises beyond the limits of the human understanding or even imagination, and demands the aid of a higher power than our own wills. With the heart of man as it is by nature it can not think purely. With a seething pool of corruption at the fountain of our thoughts we can not send forth or awaken holy images. Where every natural thought is a slimy serpent, or has the serpent's traces upon it, nothing good can come of our own unaided thinking. Our duty, however, is plain. St. Paul puts this simple duty into noble words as remarkable for their beauty as for their profound philosophy and comprehensive morality—the most pregnant and elegant words that man has uttered. Read them; ponder them; struggle to know their import; pray to comprehend their force—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, *think on these things.*" Phil. iv, 8.

### MY MOTHER.

BY J. H. SNODDY.

One look is still before me  
And will forever stay—  
'T is the last my mother gave me  
When called from earth away.  
Pale, but yet so beautiful;  
Hope had its dwelling there;  
'T was less of human beauty,  
'T was more of angel fair.  
And often as I've wandered  
Toward paths of wicked men,  
That look was e'er before me  
To turn me back again.  
One word I still remember,  
Nor e'er shall I forget;  
Though long ago 't was spoken  
It still grows plainer yet.  
A mother's dying blessing—  
"Be good, we'll meet again"—  
Has cheered me through the trials  
Of many a troubled scene.  
I've seized the poison goblet,  
Then came that word so plain,  
So like an angel's whisper,  
I dashed it down again.  
One thought I still remember,  
It e'er will brighter grow,  
'T is of the saint-like beauty  
That rested on her brow;  
But if such glorious features  
Shall crown us as we near  
The portals of that blessed abode,  
How shall we there appear?  
O, what a glowing brightness  
Shall on the countenance be  
When from this dust's corruption  
That change shall set us free!

### AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY REV. S. WEEKS.

AN Autumn crown of beauty  
Is resting on the trees,  
And a mournful, solemn sweetness  
Is sighing in the breeze.  
A robe of gold and ruby,  
Inwove with emerald green,  
Now variegates each landscape  
And beautifies each scene.  
Thoughts of death and dying,  
Of a shroud and silent tomb,  
Come naturally to us now,  
Producing naught of gloom.  
Our God doth grant to nature  
Such a peaceful death and still,  
Because in all her movements  
She's obedient to his will.  
If we obey his mandates  
And walk in filial fear,  
He will grant to us an exit  
As free from pain and care.



## THE WAY OF SAFETY.

BY SHEERAH.

DEAR GRANDMA is one of those who "being dead yet speak." The lessons she taught us are still fresh in our memories; and, I am sure I am not the only one of our household who, in a moment of trial or perplexity, has glanced up at her portrait, and mentally exclaimed, "O, that those lips had language!"

Grandma was not a preacher, or a lecturer—much less a censorer or reprover; but she was that most agreeable of teachers to childhood and youth, a story-teller. Yet, let no one suppose that our gentle relative soiled her venerable lips, and poisoned our innocent ears by tales of fairy lore or ingenious romance, as pernicious as they are false. Not so; the stories we listened to with so much delight were all true, and all from the capacious storehouse of her own memory. Nay, more—they each had a point and moral, and were usually produced as illustrations of whatever lessons she at the time was desirous of impressing on our ductile minds.

I think I see her now, as she is represented in yonder portrait—her fair and intellectual face, which had never been marred or furrowed by the exciting elements of passion, vanity, or worldly desire, displaying, in its soft and lovely lineaments, true indications of a mind at peace, and a heart whose pure and holy thoughts were unmingled with the turbid waters of earthly care; while her clear, calm eye looked straight before her, as if what passed on her right hand, or on her left, were unworthy to distract her attention from the goal to which she was traveling.

Her neat little cap, too, of whitest lace, whose simple quilling lightly shaded the braids of soft, brown hair that graced her temples—for grandma's head had never been powdered by the snows of time—and the folds of purest muslin that covered her throat and bosom: how like her!

And then that volume that is open beside her, on whose page her delicate little hand is resting, while she evidently meditates on what she has been reading! Dear, sweet, precious grandma! Sure, that portrait is not necessary to bring you before my mental eye, as I have often seen you sit in your large, cushioned arm-chair by the parlor fire in Winter, or on the coolly-shaded veranda in Summer.

Yet it is pleasant to have the portrait, that those who were not favored by seeing her in life may, when they hear of her—for she will ever be spoken of in our house—be able, by referring

to it, to form some idea of what she was. And it would give me much satisfaction if I could sketch some of her reminiscences, so that those upon whose ears her sweet voice can never fall may yet be profited by her gentle teaching.

Grandma's narratives were always called forth by coincidences which, striking correspondent chords in her memory, awoke a train of facts in unison with the subject under consideration, and gave a clear and definite exemplification of a hitherto but dimly-understood theory, thus frequently instilling knowledge and impressing truths by a judicious use of commonplace occurrences, which books and sermons had alike failed to effect. I shall now endeavor to transfer to paper some of her stories; and, if I can relate them with only half the grace, feeling, and pathos with which they fell from her lips, I shall be rewarded with as much attention as she always received from her audience.

We had returned from the church one Sunday afternoon, and, as usual, hastened to grandma to communicate as much as we had retained of the sermon. The text was that solemn parental injunction, "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" and our pastor had made it the ground-work of a powerful exhortation—to the young especially—to beware of the many temptations, and snares, and allurements which they should meet in their onward path; and warned them of the consequences of yielding to the seductive influences by which they should be surrounded.

"That reminds me of a young man whom I knew before any of you were born," observed grandma, when we had reported as much as we could recollect of the discourse. "You have heard me speak of Jacob Wise?" she said, addressing my father.

"Yes, mother," he replied, "please to tell the children about him. I am sure your account of his experience will be a very suitable appendage to our afternoon sermon."

"O yes, grandma, please do!" we exclaimed; and, drawing our seats around her, we prepared for what we knew would be a treat. The good old lady did not require to be urged, but, after pausing a minute to arrange her ideas, commenced as follows:

"Jacob Wise was the son of a near neighbor when I was a happy wife in my western home. His father was a plain, practical man, respected for his uprightness, good sense, and piety; and he brought up his son in his own sound principles, at the same time giving him all the education that was within his reach.

"When Jacob was about fourteen years of age, he was sent to Louisville for the benefit of

a year's instruction in a large school there, his father thinking that he would, at the end of that time, have gained sufficient knowledge and experience to fit him for whatever part Providence should assign him in life's great drama.

"There were, also, other sons and daughters around his father's hearth. It therefore appeared expedient that Jacob should be permitted to foster the talent he had early displayed for the active pursuits of the commercial world.

"In his intercourse with his schoolmates he gained his first insight into that society in which he was destined to find himself when launched on life's broad sea; and there, within the narrow bounds of that juvenile circle, he had full scope for the exercise of all the prudence, patience, and fortitude that he had learned from his right-minded father.

"But I can not recall much of his early experience. The first circumstance of any note, that I remember, which particularly marked his character, occurred at the time of his first practical acquaintance with business.

"While in Louisville, he received much attention from the family of a wealthy man who kept a large store in the city; and when, at the close of his scholastic term, he was offered a place behind the counter of his friend, his father made no difficulty in permitting him to accept of it.

"Mr. Rankin was a smooth, bland, good-tempered man, and in his intercourse with the world maintained a fair and honest character. But Jacob had not been many weeks in intimate connection with him before he discovered that his dealings were not all conducted with scrupulous adherence to the Divine law; neither was a conscientious regard to his neighbor's interests a very deep-seated principle. This caused him much concern; and a feeling of nervous disquiet took possession of the hitherto happy boy with respect to the most honorable course for him to pursue between his duty to his master and his own strict integrity.

"But he was not left long in doubt. One day a carriage drove to the door, and a richly-dressed lady, alighting, entered the store, and, approaching the counter where fancy articles were displayed, asked to be shown some children's necklaces. Jacob, who attended in that department, was proceeding to wait on her, when Mr. Rankin came, smiling, forward, and with the ease and courtesy for which he was remarkable took the lad's place, and spread before the lady an assortment of glittering trinkets which, judging from her gay appearance, he knew would please her eye. An animated dialogue ensued between the facetious storekeeper and his fair customer respecting the style and value of the various

articles under view, in course of which the lady was made to believe that this elegant display had been imported with great cost and difficulty from the manufacturing cities of Europe, and, in consequence of the immense and rapid demand for them, the obliging trader had been satisfied with moderate profit, and was now willing to dispose of the remainder of the stock at fabulously low prices.

"To all this, which he knew to be utterly and shamelessly false, Jacob listened with equal grief and astonishment, and it was with difficulty he restrained his honest indignation as he saw one after another of the tinsel gewgaws transferred to the unsophisticated customer at prices which were five times their value, while she was duped with the flattering persuasion that she was receiving unequalled bargains.

"All doubt as to the unlawfulness of his remaining another hour under the roof where this swindling transaction had taken place was immediately removed from the mind of the upright youth; and when Mr. Rankin returned after having obsequiously attended the lady to her carriage, and placed the parcel containing her purchases by her side, he was met by Jacob, who, with an air of grave rebuke rarely assumed by lads of his years, informed him that from what he had seen of his method of conducting business he thought it quite impossible they could agree together; he was, therefore, resolved to return without delay to his father's house, and he was glad that the terms upon which he had entered the establishment left him free to do so.

"The firm and fearless bearing of the boy awed the man of unjust practices, who neither attempted to vindicate his own meanness nor to oppose the departure of his right-minded assistant; and Jacob returned to the old home-stead again, his character more permanently formed by the ordeal through which he had passed."

"But do you think, grandma," inquired Henry, "that Jacob would have acted so independently if he had had no home to return to?"

"Yes, love, I think he would," was the prompt reply. "He had learned to obey the commands of God and to believe his promises. He knew that the injunction, 'Come out from among them,' was followed by the assurance, 'I will receive you,' and such was his trust in his Heavenly Father's word that no thought for his future provision would have interfered with the performance of what he deemed to be his duty."

"Well, grandma," said Henry, to whom this



explanation was quite satisfactory, "please to go on, and forgive the interruption."

"O, do n't hesitate to interrupt me, dear," she sweetly said, "whenever you want to ask a useful question." She then resumed her narrative.

"Jacob remained at home for the next three years, making himself quite useful in teaching his young brothers and sisters, besides affording his father much assistance in the management of his affairs. In the mean time his own education was advancing, and every attainment that could facilitate his interests when on the commercial stage was sedulously cultivated. Nor was he without receiving many offers of clerkship in the neighboring cities, whither his good report had traveled; but a cousin of his father, who was a merchant of some eminence in New Orleans, had proposed to take him into his counting-house in a confidential capacity when he should reach a more mature age, and for this important post he was qualifying himself.

"Accordingly, when he had completed his eighteenth year, a summons from his kinsman withdrew him once more from the genial atmosphere of home. This time his departure was a more serious affair than it had been when, a few years before, he left for school in Louisville. Now he was going to a large and populous city, where fashion and vice walked hand in hand, and where snares and pitfalls were spread for the simple and unwary, with scarcely a finger-mark cautioning them to beware. All the neighborhood was moved with sympathy for the youth who was about to be placed upon this scene of trial; and the last Sunday of his attendance at our rural church the good pastor made the occasion of an eloquent and affectionate admonition from the text which was presented to your consideration to-day.

"Our friend's journey to the great maritime city of the South was not without incident. Mr. Wise accompanied his son to Louisville, and, after the necessary preliminary arrangements, went with him on board the boat that was to bear him down the lordly inland waters. His parting advice and benediction were then given, and, reminding him of the subject of his pastor's last sermon, he wound up by giving him, as the motto of his life, the imperative charge, 'Come out from among them.' Then, as he desired to return home by daylight, and the boat was not to start for a couple of hours, he once more committed his son to the care and guidance of Heaven, and left him with a calm trust that he would keep the way of safety.

"When Jacob had parted with his father he

reëntered the boat, and, stepping out on the guards, remained for some time an interested spectator of the busy scene around. At length he perceived that the noise and bustle increased, and plainly upon his ear came a voice of command from the upper deck, which, in loud and angry tones, issued orders and reproofs, interlarded with oaths, imprecations, and blasphemies. The young Christian was shocked, and, upon inquiring of a man who stood near, heard with dismay that it was no other than the boat's captain from whom the vile language proceeded.

"Instantly arose within his mind a spontaneous protest against committing himself for a long and perilous river trip to the most indirect connection with this profane man, and a doubt as to whether he was authorized to expect the protection of Providence under such a convoy, while his father's parting words struck upon his conscience, making it plainly appear that there was but one course for him to pursue in which he might hope for peace and safety. Under this conviction he immediately resolved to leave the boat, no fear of consequences having the slightest power to deter him. He might have to wait some time for another, and his passage money might not be allowed him; but these considerations were trifling when weighed in the scale of duty, and a few minutes saw him followed by a porter carrying his trunk, proceeding to the office of the steamboat company.

"The agent was a gentleman of mild and courteous demeanor, who heard the young man state his objection to the vessel in which his berth had been taken with respectful attention, and made no difficulty of booking him for the next boat, which would leave in three days, politely expressing his concern at the unavoidable delay. Jacob lifted up his heart in thankfulness that the affair had been so smoothly adjusted, and, entering a hotel, resigned himself to wait patiently the appointed time.

"His stay in Louisville was rendered agreeable by visiting the school where he had formerly resided, and where he was received with sincere welcome by his esteemed teacher, who rejoiced to see that the promise of his boyhood was so likely to be fulfilled in his manly walk. Nor did he consider the delay a loss of time, which afforded him an opportunity of much valuable conversation with the worthy and accomplished man who had helped to form his mind and character.

"After a safe and pleasant trip on board the 'Southron Belle,' our young friend arrived in New Orleans. But what were his feelings of

awe and gratitude to the Almighty Power under whose protection he was when he found the chief topic of conversation to be the utter loss by explosion of the boat on which he had first taken passage, which terrible disaster had occurred when she was within fifty miles of her destination!"

A shudder ran through our little group at this part of grandma's story, and Henry again interposed an inquiry.

"Then are we to suppose, grandma," he asked, "whenever we hear of accidents to traveling conveyances, that the officials connected with them are particularly wicked and ungodly men?"

"Far be it from us to pronounce such a sweeping judgment," she meekly answered; "yet we have instances on inspired record where it has been so. The whole host of the Egyptians led by Pharaoh were overthrown in the Red Sea, through the midst of which those who followed the camp of Israel had passed dry shod. The examples and warnings given us in Scripture it is our privilege to appropriate in the government of our own individual affairs, while those who follow no such precedents we should leave in the hands of Him whose judgments are a great deep."

After a short pause grandma proceeded with her tale:

"Jacob was much pleased with his new situation. He found his relative a man of the most honorable and praiseworthy nature, and the place he held in his employment being near himself removed him from the evil influences under which young clerks so frequently suffer. Accommodations were procured for him in a first-class boarding-house, where none but persons of the best standing were admitted. And, whether owing to his attractions of mind or person, the sterling worth of his character, or the independent position of his family, or perhaps all these combined, he soon found himself an object of marked interest and attention to all with whom he came in contact.

"Naturally of a social disposition, and disposed to look at every thing in the most favorable light, Jacob saw not in the cheerful company amidst which he was unavoidably thrown any of those vicious traits and habits whose contaminations he had been cautioned to shun; and, without partaking of the mirthful spirit by which the unwary are enticed into scenes of pleasurable folly, he did not deny himself the innocent recreations which an easy intercourse with those of perfectly-moral tastes and feelings afforded.

"And now to the unsophisticated youth life

presented the fairest aspect. His religious duties were carefully attended to, and in the faithful discharge of his business engagements no one could be more punctiliously correct, while in the society of those whose spirits appeared to assimilate to his own he devoted those evening hours that could sometimes be spared from sterner pursuits. But it was not long before the hidden thorns of the flowers that strewed his path began to make themselves felt, nor was it without pain that conscience awoke him from the repose in which he had been lulling himself.

"Among the many charming sojourners at the establishment in which he had taken up his abode was the family of a wealthy planter, who had come to the city for the Winter season. Mr. and Mrs. De Veaux were a lively and fashionable couple, and their children partook of the gay and careless temperament of their parents. Isabel, the eldest, was now in her sixteenth year, and the faultless beauty of her face and figure was only equalled by the soft and childlike sweetness of her disposition. She had been brought up without much restriction or control, and now that she was entering the vortex of society, surrounded by crowds of flatterers, the exorcisesces that had been suffered to grow on the fine fibers of her character were not likely to be eradicated. Gay, spirited, and witty, she flung herself into the enjoyments of fashionable pleasure with all the zest of the newly emancipated, while beneath the surface of her transparent heart were distinguishable the germs of tastes and instincts that a little culture would have brought to beautiful perfection.

"It was in this lovely and attractive creature that our young friend's strongest feelings soon became absorbingly interested. He not only saw her as she was, but before his mental eye she was fondly pictured as she might be, and he basked in dreams of the bliss he should enjoy in forming from the rich materials her character afforded a glorious model, such as the hand of love alone could accomplish. The influence his mild and manly spirit was gaining over the gentle heart of the maiden soon became apparent; but that his strong mind was gradually swerving from its stern allegiance through the influence of her charms was long unsuspected even by himself.

"The Winter glided along with its witching gayeties, and, though the young Christian was never tempted to join the giddy multitude in their unlawful pastimes, yet his notions were more lax than they had been. With the hope of his presence having a restraining



effect upon the fair being who had touched the tenderest chords of his nature, he suffered himself to be led into scenes such as sober conscience could not approve as friendly to the interests of religion.

"At length, however, the alarm came that was to disturb his security. A sermon was announced, in the Church to which he belonged, to be preached by a highly-celebrated divine before the members of the 'Young Men's Christian Association.' Jacob, of course, attended, and heard with startled interest the minister deliver, as his text, the monition which the pious pastor of his country home had made the subject of the last discourse he had heard from him: 'My son, when sinners entice thee consent thou not.'

"The young man of irreproachable life had no idea that this exhortation could be applied to his case, so careful as he had ever been in eschewing the evil, that 'sinners' were granted no opportunity of enticing him. Nevertheless, to many of the young men present, who were not so cautious, he hoped the discourse would prove salutary, and settled himself to listen to the brilliant orator, without any other anticipation than that of an intellectual treat. But his self-complacency did not last long. To that class of youth of which he was a member did the preacher address his warmest and most urgent appeals. He exposed the subtle veil woven by the 'prince of this world' over the consciences of those who hated vice, under screen of which he led them into the pleasures of earth, and, without requiring them to commit one apparent sin, seduced their hearts from God, from holiness, and from heaven.

"Excited by the appalling view of the most interesting portion of society gliding unwarily into gaping ruin, the 'watchman of Zion' poured forth his warnings, and lifted his lantern over the darkness thickening around them, till his hearers, awaking from their dreams of security, started at the precipice on the brink of which they found themselves, and a shock of alarm ran from conscience to conscience, which the angels that stand before the Eternal Throne witnessed with joyful exultation, and glad hosannas rang through heaven's high arches, for which all the righteousness of 'just persons who need no repentance' had never given occasion.

"Painfully solemn were the feelings with which Jacob retired at the close of the service. The film had passed from his eyes, and he saw that while his outward walk had been strictly correct, his heart had wandered from its true allegiance.

"Upon reaching home, the usual sounds of music and dancing, accompanied by gay voices

and laughter, issued from the well-lit parlors; but the sickening sensations that ran through his frame, at the thought of time thus wasted, and creatures fashioned in their Maker's image perverting their fine intelligences, showed the change that had been effected in his views within the last hour. With a quick step he ascended to his chamber, and to a late hour sad and prayerful musings over the unhappy position in which he found himself occupied his mind.

"That Isabel must be given up, with all her sweet and beautiful attractions, was now inevitable; and lone and cheerless did his future appear, unilluminated by her bright glance and smile. Life, with all the high aspirations of youth, dwindled into nothingness before him; and, casting himself upon his knees and throwing forth his hands, he groaned for help to enable him to bear the blow which had descended on his hopes.

"With Jacob Wise to know his duty was to do it; and, having felt the evil of intimate association with light and giddy worldlings, he determined to procure some more retired abode, where no similar temptation should waylay him. Accordingly, on the following morning, he waited on his pastor, and, after stating the circumstances in which he was placed, entreated assistance toward obtaining board in some private family connected with the Church. The reverend gentleman sympathized with his young friend, and, after a few minutes' consideration, mentioned a pious couple of his charge, whose only son had lately gone to California, and into whose vacant room he thought it likely Jacob might be admitted. He kindly added, that he would himself call upon them during the day and make the inquiry, promising to let the young man know the result.

"It was as he hoped. Mrs. Bennet, when she heard the case, was glad to be able to supply a home to the prudent youth, feeling satisfied that one so exemplary would be a choice accession to her little circle; and the arrangement being made, and Jacob duly advised of it, no other difficulty now remained but his parting with the lovely temptress whose power over his youthful heart had been so dangerously exercised.

"Jacob returned home at the usual hour in the evening; and, having communicated to the hostess his intention of leaving on the following morning, he proceeded to the ladies' parlor in quest of Isabel.

"She was seated at the piano, her eyes cast pensively down, while her fingers languidly moved over the keys. How touchingly beautiful she looked at that moment! No wonder Jacob felt that his trial was a hard one, as,

leaning his elbow on the mantle, near which he stood, he silently contemplated the tableau. Presently she looked up and caught the mournful gaze fixed upon her, when she instantly arose, and approaching the young man with a sweet, earnest expression, inquired if he had received unpleasant news from home. The reply was in the negative; but the gentle, sympathetic manner of the maiden encouraged him to open his whole mind to her. A long conversation ensued, in which opinions and sentiments entirely opposite were maintained by each. On subjects of vital importance they were disagreed. Their souls had no affinity. And finally they, whose hearts had received their first tender impressions from each other, with an apparent calmness inconsistent with their inward feelings, separated, to meet no more."

Grandma paused, and for several minutes no one seemed disposed to speak. Each of us was looking into our own heart's recesses to see if there were grace enough there to bear us conquerors through such trials as might be in store for us. The silence was broken by Henry, inquiring the sequel of the young Christian's career.

"Well," said grandma, "the rest of his life was marked by a consistent adherence to the principles of his youth. He visited his parents every Summer; and continued to gladden their hearts by the purity and simplicity of his life, making it evident that they who devote themselves to the service of God can be preserved from evil, though surrounded by the temptations of a rich and crowded city.

"When he had been six or seven years in New Orleans, he was taken into partnership by his kinsman and employer; and shortly after he married the pious daughter of his pastor, whose sweet companionship gently irradiated his after course.

"It is a long time since I have had an opportunity of hearing of Jacob Wise; but I dare say, if still living, he is an example of moral dignity, truth, and uprightness, and an honor to the Church of which he has been, from childhood, a steady and consistent member."

#### CONCENTRATE YOUR POWERS.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continual falling, bores a passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

#### GLORIA STELLARUM.

BY MARY HARRY SMITH.

YE brilliant stars, whose kindly-smiling faces  
Look down upon earth's loneliness and night,  
Ever revolving in those unknown places,  
Away from human sight,

Whence do ye borrow all your light and glory?  
Why do ye shine on this cold world of ours  
When Winter shroudeth with his mantle hoary  
The Summer grass and flowers?

Ye are not like earth's brightness, fair and fleeting;  
Ye leave us not when pales Hope's rosy light—  
Ye give our hearts a kinder, tenderer greeting  
On Winter's frosty night.

O, I have held communion sweet and yearning  
With the bright eyes that seemed to search my own  
Until they seemed like altar-fires burning  
Round the Eternal Throne.

The twinkling stars which blessed our earliest vision,  
Which nightly shone upon our childhood's way,  
Still sparkle while we joy in hope's fruition,  
Or grieve o'er hope's decay.

Amid earth's change and death their brightness lingers,  
When youth, and beauty, and delights are fled,  
When with dim, sunken eyes, and trembling fingers,  
Beneath death's shade we tread.

The sun is glorious; but its matchless splendor  
Too far exceeds our finite, human thought,  
The moon looks down with gaze more still and tender  
On griefs which sin hath wrought.

But O, ye stars, ye are companions holy,  
Ye shine with softer radiance in the sky,  
Ye bend and listen to our sorrows lowly  
From your bright thrones on high.

Yet even ye shall pale, and fade, and perish—  
Not in the darkness of eternal night;  
Ye, like the glorious hopes our spirits cherish,  
Shall fade in heaven's own light.

#### ROSES, SWEET ROSES.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

ROSES, sweet roses, O stay with us still,  
And gladden the earth with your beauty and bloom;  
The warm Summer sunshine lies bright on the hill,  
The soft air is laden with richest perfume,  
The wild-birds are warbling yet, joyous and gay,  
And streamlets go singing along their glad way.  
The blue river sparkles and laughs by the mill—  
Roses, sweet roses, O linger here still!

In vain all our pleading, they faded away;  
The golden sun looked from his chamber at dawn,  
And saw their bright leaves as they withering lay,  
And heard the winds sigh that their glory had gone.

Ah, beautiful joys, in this valley of tears,  
How soon, like the roses, their bloom disappears!  
In vain we entreat them, we plead them to stay,  
Ere life's Summer's over they're faded away.



## ROSE ATHERTON'S STORY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

YOU can imagine my dismay, when, as unpacking my trunks, I found that in them all, though crowded to their utmost ability, there was literally "nothing to wear." Aunt Sophie and her maid had undertaken to pack my wardrobe, and I had been only too glad to give up all care of it. I was too miserable to overlook them; and though Augustus suggested that his aunt had very little idea of the change in our fortunes, and consequently could scarcely be a fit judge of my needs, I only gave it a moment's thought—what I wore seemed of so little importance to me in my trouble. I remember that Augustus ventured a second remonstrance when he saw the quantity of luggage that aunt Sophie insisted must go with me, but it was too late then to repack the trunks.

I got Mrs. Warren to assist me, and we unpacked the whole array in the vain hope of finding something that would do for a working dress. The parlor and sitting-room looked like a fancy store, with rich dresses of silk, crape, tissue, satin, and moire hanging from every chair. To be sure, there were home dresses of plain and embroidered muslin, morning gowns of pearl-colored cashmere with crimson and violet facings, but nothing in which I could make my first attempt at dish-washing. Mrs. Warren laughed as she saw my perplexity.

"You will have time to make up some suitable dresses before you are rested enough from your journey to try housekeeping. Do you like sewing?"

"Very much; that is, plain sewing. I have had but little experience in making dresses, however."

"Well, it happens that fitting dresses is one of my self-taught trades; so I can assist you. Let us pack these trunks again, and I will show you some gingham that Charles bought in New York. I think you will like a dress made of it."

You should have seen Augustus the first evening that I wore my new costume. It was a plaided gingham, blue and white, made to cover my neck and arms, and finished with a narrow collar and cuffs of linen. There was no such thing as coaxing my hair to conform to my Quakerish attire; it would curl. But I managed to confine the most of it in a silken net of Mrs. Warren's, and the tiny curls that would escape and cling about my forehead were not very showy. It was not strange that my hus-

band's looks expressed a little astonishment as he regarded me—I, who had so worshiped dress! All the evening his face wore a puzzled look, and I thought he must be in the predicament of the poor Irish woman, who, on finding her baby washed and tidily dressed, exclaimed, "Arrah! me darlint, ye 've bin an' swapped yer-self for another lad, shure!" I saw that the transformation, though mysterious, was very pleasing to him, and I thought with deeper regret and contrition of the folly that had so long kept me a slave to the caprices of fashion. I thought of the hollow praises to which I used to listen, of the foolish rivalries and empty triumphs that had so infatuated me, of the heartless indifference with which I used to receive my husband's remonstrances, and I did wonder if, after all, I could ever convince him that I was capable of higher feelings—of nobler pursuits. I suppose my sad thoughts clouded my face, for when we happened to be left together a few moments during the evening, he said in a low, earnest voice, "I was going to tell you, Rose, that I never saw you so becomingly dressed, but I feared you might not like to be complimented upon the sacrifice you have made to conform to our new position."

"I do not feel it a sacrifice," I answered quickly. "I like the dress. It is very comfortable. And it scarcely takes ten minutes to dress."

"I thought you did not look quite happy."

"I was thinking of old times, I believe."

"Regretting them?"

"No. I was wishing that"—

We were interrupted, and I was glad on reflection that I had not given expression to the new motives and opinions that now governed me. I had not yet proved and tried myself. I was not yet worthy of his confidence, and I feared that he, wearied with the unusual cares and labors of his new life, might find it difficult to forget the inexcusable extravagance which had occasioned all his troubles.

I am not going to bore you with my various experience in cooking, washing, ironing, and the thousand and one things indicated by the general term, housekeeping. At first I was very awkward and seemed always to get hold of the wrong end of every kitchen implement, but habit made apparent impossibilities seem easy and pleasant. My working hours were those when I was quite sure of my husband's absence, and I kept a basket full of unfinished embroideries and crochet patterns for the evenings. Sometimes, when Mrs. Warren was bustling in and out of the room after tea, washing the dishes and arranging the furniture, I have seen

Augustus uneasily glance first at her and then at the basket of trifles over which I was so busy, but he said nothing.

As the weeks went by and he heard no word of repining, and saw no reason to suppose that I was discontented, his own face wore a happier look, but I saw that I still puzzled him. In nothing was I more changed than in my religious feelings. The earnest reverence that he had ever manifested for spiritual things seemed a part of his fine nature, but I had pursued pleasure with an ardor that had left no time for serious reflection. God had not been in all my thoughts. But in my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard my cry.

I could not accompany Augustus to the village church till I had remodeled and made over some of my gay dresses. Our village, four years ago, was not the populous, imposing place that it now is; no one then dreamed of its ever becoming a city, as is now probable. Instead of being the terminus of different railroads, there was a rough log station-house or shanty at the extreme end of the long street, lined with straggling houses of all descriptions, and there were only two trains of cars in a day. Where my husband's store now stands was a low groggery, and opposite it was the long log-church, now replaced by a neat and tasteful chapel and vestry. We had preaching then but once a fortnight, our village being a part of a circuit. But the meetings were appreciated when they were held, and looked forward to with real interest.

I had been accustomed, like most of the fashionable world, to attend Church regularly. Indeed, I had sometimes thought, as I leaned back on the pew cushions and closed my eyes to enjoy the pealing music of the grand organ or the full choral melody of the anthem, that there was something peculiarly elevating in religious worship; but I am sure that I had no conception of the real sublimity of true devotion.

Our pastor was an earnest, practical preacher; one whose whole business seemed to be to win souls to Christ. He was not eloquent, in the usual sense of that word; no flowers of rhetoric polished or softened the plain truths that he dispensed, but there was a power in his language, a fervor in his earnest appeals, that affected the hearer in spite of himself. I often felt, while listening to him, that surely God was in the place. I forgot the rude benches upon which we sat, and the motley congregation among whom we knelt; I thought of the infinite love of God, of his compassion toward us while yet in our sins, of the priceless gift of his only Son, which had made our salvation possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren were both members of

this Church. The preacher often staid at their house during his visit to our village, and sometimes he brought his wife with him. She was a pale, delicate woman, with a care-worn, over-tasked look, but with a sweet, patient spirit that might have become a martyr. She helped me a great deal in my study of the Bible, and encouraged me to walk steadily forward in the path I had chosen. I should have been quite happy now if I could have forgotten the past. It was so vividly before me that I could not believe that the seeming forgetfulness of Augustus was real. You will wonder why I did not go to him and confess my sorrow for my harsh words and heartless conduct, and ask for pardon. I could not yet do it, for I had a feeling that it would be impossible for him, remembering all, to think me sincere. No, I must first prove myself worthy of his love. How earnestly I strove to improve myself in all that would make home, his home, happy!

I shall never forget my pride in the first dinner that I prepared without help. Roasted veal, mashed potatoes, green peas, beets, turnip sauce, and unexceptionable gravy, of a rich golden brown. Sliced cucumbers and radishes were not forgotten, and the bread, Mrs. Warren declared, was too good to be eaten. The sago pudding and lemon sauce were just right, and the ripe raspberries, with their attendant bowls of white sugar and cream, were enough to tempt the greatest epicure in the world. Mrs. Warren stood laughingly by me during the whole of the morning, but not by look or word would I permit her to give me a hint how the work should be done.

It was a perfect success, but, alas! I had become so tired and excited while at work that I was really ill when all was completed. My head ached so violently that I was obliged to go to my room and lie down while the precious dinner was eaten. But even then, in spite of the pain, I could not help opening the door to listen to the conversation below, hoping to hear some commendation of my performance. I was not disappointed. It was my husband's voice that said, "Either I have an unusual appetite or Mrs. Warren has outdone herself in getting up this dinner."

"There is always room for improvement," was her laughing reply.

"For one who was perfect at first," said Charles Warren, "it must be owned, Annie, that you improve admirably."

"Are you never fatigued, Mrs. Warren?" asked Augustus. "You look as cool, and fresh, and comfortable as if this fine dinner had been cooked by magic."



I was too ill to listen longer, but I crept back to my pillow satisfied and happy.

As the time approached for us to occupy our own house, I saw that Augustus became very restless and uneasy. I knew that he was wondering how we should manage to live. That I was contented he saw; but that I could be useful or help him out of his perplexing dilemma he had never dreamed. I too became nervously anxious as the time approached. Sometimes when I heard him, after I had retired to my room, recounting to Mrs. Warren the troublesome excursions that he was daily making in search of a competent domestic, and felt, from the tone of his voice, how discouraged he was, and how wearisome he found such errands, I have nearly forgotten the pleasant surprise we were preparing for him in my anxiety to relieve him. No, I could not now afford to lose one item of my anticipated triumph. My little programme was all made out. I determined what I would say, how I would show my ability as well as desire to stand by his side and bear my part of his burdens. I imagined what he would reply, and in my mind I went over and over the probable conversation, till I seemed to exist in a dream. And after all, every thing went contrary to the programme, excepting the satisfaction and happiness that was to recompense my efforts. I will tell you how it so happened.

It was a lovely evening in late September I was sitting in the window seat of our chamber, with an open book in my hand, but not reading. I was gazing at the reflected rays of the setting sun upon the windows of our new house, and fancying that they shone brighter there than on any other home in the world. I was listening too to my husband's step as he walked slowly up and down the parlor below. The windows and doors of the house were all open to admit the soft air, and the stillness of the hour gave a distinctness to the lightest sounds. Mrs. Warren was collecting flower seeds in the garden, and as she came nearer the house I thought I would go down and assist her. Before I had time to leave my seat I saw her husband get over the low fence and come up the walk, and I leaned back in my seat quite out of sight and tried to resume my book. But I could not shut out their voices without disturbing them.

"Where is Mr. Atherton?" I heard her ask.

"Has he not come home? I left him at Brown's an hour ago looking at some cutlery. Where is his wife?"

"Rose? O, she is out walking, I think. I have not seen her since tea. Perhaps she has gone to the other house. What a pretty place it is!"

"Yes. If it only stays pretty."

"Charles, what do you mean?"

"Nothing wrong. I was thinking that Atherton has not a household fairy to keep his pretty place in order, as his fortunate friend, Charles Warren, has."

He was pulling the little pods in pieces, I suppose, for she exclaimed suddenly, "Take care, Charles, you will spill all the seeds."

"Ah, yes, I forgot. But I wonder what sort of a home she will make for Atherton. I don't know what he would do if he were obliged to live in an untidy or disorderly house."

"I thought you admired her very much."

"So I do. I think she is the loveliest woman I know—excepting one. But he has his fortune to build up anew, and he needs a woman who can help as well as charm him. You are very pretty, Annie, but, alas! I want my bread and butter notwithstanding."

"But you are quite mistaken about Rose. If I thought you could keep a secret one tiny week, I would relieve your anxiety."

"A secret!" He laughed merrily. "A lady's secret, and, therefore, to be kept strictly. Tell it me, Annie. The rack shall not draw it from me."

"But it is so difficult for men to keep any thing to themselves," she urged playfully. "And it would spoil all if Mr. Atherton should suspect. And you know, Charles, you are not always careful where you speak."

"I shall be a model of discretion from this hour."

How my heart throbbed as I listened and thought that every word might be audible in the parlor also! But I could not warn her, and she went on.

"Well, Charles, I must tell you, in the first place, that Rose has done all our cooking for the last month. You and Mr. Atherton have both praised it often enough, so I need not ask your opinion now."

"Are you in earnest, Annie?"

"Yes. See how you spill those seeds! I wish you would not try to help me."

"I will be more careful. But tell me how you have managed all this."

"She began to assist me directly after they came here. She was very anxious to learn and so low-spirited, because, as she said, she could not help her husband and must always be a burden. She has learned very rapidly, I think, and is expert in all that is really necessary. Time will do the rest. She can get up starched clothes better than I can, as you yourself can witness, for she ironed those shirts that you noticed last Tuesday."

"And Atherton does not know?"

"No, indeed. I wonder how he thinks she spends her time. He is very polite and kind to her—more polite than you are to me, I think; but really, Charles, I should not like politeness to take the place of the interest you feel in all my occupations."

"And this is how you have kept so fresh and rosy under your added cares and labors. A pretty pair of little conspirators we have to look after. How naturally you received all my sympathy and anxiety in regard to your fatigue, etc.! Only last evening I was condoling with you over the ironing to be done this morning, and you looked as innocent as"—

"As a woman," she interrupted, laughing.

"Come down to the foot of the garden, Charles, I must cut that sage once more."

You can imagine my feelings, dear Lucy Gray, while listening to this dialogue. The walking in the parlor had not ceased for a moment, and I remembered closing one of the parlor windows just before tea. I remembered too how completely absorbed in thought Augustus used to be when he would pace the long drawing-room in Philadelphia for hours together before he failed in business. I began to breathe more freely as I thought how improbable it was that he had given his attention to a confidential chat not intended for a third party. He was too honorable to listen purposely. And yet the air was so still and their voices so clear, could he help hearing enough to suggest all the rest?

I saw him leave the house and go down the lane toward our new home, and I slipped down the back stairs and hurried off to a grove in the opposite direction. He was in the sitting-room singing hymns to Mrs. Warren's accompaniment when I returned. You know his passion for music, especially sacred melody. You know too how often in the old times I had put him off with a lively waltz or a rattling polka, when he had begged for a single hymn. The mellow tenor of his voice blended perfectly with Mrs. Warren's sweet soprano, and when Charles Warren came hurrying in to add his heavy bass to the concert, I thought I had never heard any thing so inspiring.

"Come and help me, Rose," said Mrs. Warren.

"Charles gives us such terrific bass that my voice is quite lost."

I preferred listening, but Augustus held his book for me to sing with him, and I would not lessen their pleasure by refusing to join in it. We sang a long time. Charles Warren had a long list of his favorite pieces, and we were obliged to go through them all. They were grand old chorals, but, to my taste, a little loud.

"So much better," he said, "than your modern dish-water songs. I like a tune that has some backbone in it. Some life too. What real music is there in those sudden shrieks and die-away tones that make up what is called the operatic style? I like good Mr. Wesley's advice to sing lustily."

"We are all aware of that, Charles. The neighbors who live a mile away are sensible of it too."

"I do n't care. These prairies were meant for orchestras. One can let out his whole voice here. It is glorious."

"By the way, Charles, I must tell you that old Mrs. Wilson, who lives down on the creek a mile from here, told me this morning that she was sitting at her door last evening and heard you ask me to bring a basket if I wanted to try those early apples. I was in this room, Mr. Atherton, and he stood on the door-steps. Do n't you think I heard him?"

I left them laughing heartily, and went up to our room. It was my habit to retire early in order to get time for my reading and devotion. But this evening I was later than usual, and Augustus followed me almost immediately. I closed my Bible hurriedly when he came in.

"No; do not stop reading," he said, sitting down beside me and opening the book. "Let us read together."

I felt my face brighten with pleasure. He smiled as he observed it. After a pause he went on to say, "I want to tell you, Rose, how happy it makes me to see you so submissive to our altered fortunes. It was a great change for you, and I did not expect you to bear it so bravely. One would suppose from your appearance that you had nothing to regret."

I felt that now was the time for me to speak.

"I regret nothing that I lost, Augustus, except the regard you once felt for me." I raised my eyes to his and saw his color change. "You remember how thoughtless I was—how cruel and heartless in my behavior to you. I know you can never forget it. But you will, you must forgive me. You must believe that I am changed by God's grace, and that I mean to do right now, and repair the past so far as I can."

He was leaning on the table and his hand shaded his eyes, but I saw the silent tears that fell on the open Bible before him.

"O, Augustus," I said earnestly, "how very happy I shall be here if you can but overlook the past, and"—

"Hush! hush! dear Rose," he interrupted me, "I have nothing to forgive. Do you think I did not consider how young you were, how many flatterers surrounded you, and what a fearful



blow it must be to you to find yourself comparatively poor and your friends and admirers falling off like Autumn leaves?"

"But my own careless extravagance occasioned it all."

"Not entirely, Rose. After Mr. Martin failed I knew I must go too. But I felt it more for your sake than mine. Let us forget it all. If there is any thing to be forgiven, as there probably is on both sides, let us forgive each other. I do not regret our reverses. I thank God for them every day. Without them I should never have found out the real worth—the true womanly excellences of my dear wife."

He drew me into his arms as he spoke, and though we both shed tears, they were tears of joy and thankfulness, for the barrier was now removed—the ice melted. Then for the first time we read and prayed together. He told me how religiously he had been educated, and how he used to long, in the midst of our gay society, for a higher life. He spoke of his surprise and happiness when he found that instead of being crushed by my trials, I had turned to God for strength and consolation.

"I can not tell you, Rose, how much this comforted me. You seemed to change at once from a pretty, careless child, into a lovely and attractive woman. If I had loved the child, capricious as she often was, how quickly did the feeling deepen and increase when I saw how steadily and courageously she took up and bore her burden!"

"You praise me too much, Augustus. I do not deserve it."

"To-night, Rose, another great anxiety has been removed."

I looked up nervously and saw that he had learned my secret.

"I could not help hearing a part of what Mrs. Warren said. It seems too bad to disappoint you, but if you knew how wearily and hopelessly I have been seeking, during the last three weeks, for a competent domestic, I think you would not be sorry that I have anticipated your plan and stolen the comfort in advance. I can get plenty of strong, willing girls to assist you, but none who can properly superintend the work."

"I shall not need them, Augustus. I can do very well alone. Let me try it, please."

"No. I shall not consent to such a plan. I want you in the parlor, all to myself, when I come home."

"I can manage that. Let me try."

"You must not urge me, for I am decided. No, dear Rose, I have seen too many delicate, broken-down women in my calls at these farm-houses in search of a servant, or 'help.'"

"Mrs. Warren does all her work."

"She is far more robust than Mrs. Atherton. I have noticed your pale, weary looks at night for a long time. It is strange that I never suspected the cause. I can not risk the loss of my treasure. My rose must be as fresh as the morning. You will find plenty to do without over-tasking yourself."

I saw he was decided, so I did not urge it. The result has showed his wisdom. I was too delicately reared to bear heavy burdens. You should see our Western home, Lucy Gray. The little cottage piano and the choice library, the joint gifts of aunt Sophie and yourself occupy their appropriate nooks, and even the pretty cradle that cousin Will added for fun, found its use in less than three months after its arrival. Its first occupant, another Lucy Gray, just three years old to-morrow, with her mother's dark gray eyes, shaded by her father's rich, brown curls, is now softly singing a low lullaby as she rocks it gently, in order to lengthen the morning nap of her baby brother till mamma stops writing. She is calling to me now, "May I run and meet papa?"

I hear his step on the walk, and, hark! is it possible that is the dinner bell? Good-by, Lucy Gray.

### MEMORY.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

WHAT shall we place in memory's urn

To preserve with a careful heart?

What cherished record to which we may turn

When the visions of youth depart?

Not the perishing wealth of sordid earth,

The withering buds of an hour;

Not the frail blossoms of juvenile mirth,

Which Fancy might glean for her bower.

Not the bright linnings of ecstasies brief,

Which ever in shades disappear;

Not the mementos of passionate grief,

Which sorrow bedews with a tear.

What, then, shall we place in this cell of the heart,

To outlive all the changes of time;

To be cherished the more as our days depart,

And we press toward the heavenly clime?

Let us gather up gold from the Word of God,

His promise to penitents given;

The life-working gift of the Savior's blood,

To wash and prepare us for heaven.

And thoughts of the hours of sacred peace

We have spent in the Savior's cause,

Let us hoard the remembrance of mercies like these,

And count the world's treasures but dross.

Then memory to us a sweet record shall prove,

To which we may turn with delight,

When age shall the pleasures of youth remove,

And day shall be closing in night.

## COMMON-SENSE.

BY REV. D. M. GUNUNG.

AFTER all that has been said and written about common-sense, we can not but believe that the term is wrongly used—improperly applied, and that what people most need is not common-sense, but something better. Nearly thirty years ago we heard Lorenzo Dow speak of the “five senses,” and also of the “sixth,” which he said was “common-sense,” and added, that, if a man was destitute of that, he was “a poor, miserable creature.”

That may be true: and common-sense is better than no sense at all; yet if one possesses or attains nothing superior, he will, sooner or later, find himself to be a “poor, miserable creature.” This term or phrase is used as “sound, practical judgment;” but is it really so? Do the majority of people possess or exercise sound, practical judgment in regard to almost every thing with which they have to do? Is it not true that, whenever a person is found who exercises “good, practical judgment” on even a few subjects, he is singled out as possessing far more than *common-sense*? Is he not quite sure of success? And, succeeding, is he not imitated in his course by a thousand persons, because they see his way is better than the common one? Yes, it is felt and conceded that such a man has more than an ordinary mind.

With just ordinary abilities one may—especially if he begin while young—by diligent, persevering application, excel in what he undertakes, and attain a superiority among his fellows. But who does not know that such instances, on the whole, are few? Do not eight out of every ten readily submit to the judgment of a few in all the affairs of life, without stopping to think whether there be a better, a quicker and safer, or more natural method of doing a work? And when one does take the trouble to investigate, and discovers something important, which has always existed and been stupidly overlooked by all the millions who have lived before, he has the credit only of *common-sense*! Why not give him the full credit of *uncommon*, superior sense, which he either naturally possessed, or attained by study and application?

Now let us turn up a short page of facts, and see positively the workings of common-sense, where nothing better or higher has been aimed at:

When two dogs were fiercely fighting, a dozen men, actuated only by common-sense, fell at them with stones, clubs, and canes; some pulled them by the ears and tails to part them—but

all to no purpose—they only “fought the fiercer;” then the quicker, clearer sense of a Frenchman led him to throw some snuff in their mouths, which soon ended the battle. There was good, practical judgment, but it was not *common*. It was just such judgment, or sense, as a few are willing to use in many more important matters, in which they *succeed*; while a hundred others, who “did n’t think of that,” *fail*.

The common-sense of mankind once concluded that the earth rested on a serpent; at another time, that it was poised on a turtle’s back; that the whole firmament of shining orbs swept over us every day and night, and only for our special benefit, while the earth, shaped like a huge cheese, stood still; that water was raised in pumps by *suction*, because “nature abhorred a vacuum”—and when it was proved to a famous philosopher that nature had no such abhorrence, so tenaciously clung he to the popular theory, the common-sense view of it, as to decide that, after all, nature *did* dread a vacuum, though only thirty-three feet high!

It required further thought and investigation to ascertain what had always been true before, that the pressure of the atmosphere raised the water that distance, and would raise it still higher if it were only heavy enough. Common-sense long taught that it was of great importance that people be born under some particular star, and that children must be weaned at a certain age or quarter of the moon, and that, if their hair was cut or their finger-nails pared before they were a year old, they would soon die, or become thieves; that to begin any work on Friday was to insure a failure, and garden-seeds must be planted only when the “sign” was right.

Such facts might be multiplied. And yet it may be said these were only “superstitions.” So they were; and while some of them have passed away, similar notions with some of these yet prevail; and just such vagaries would still prevail in every department of life were all to settle down on common report, common belief, and the common customs and sense of mankind.

To hold on to that which is proved to be true, and at the same time to break loose from the trammels of error, requires more thought and firmness than most people are willing to exercise; and, rather than take the pains to try some untrodden ground, or undertake to do what has not been done, they will trudge all the way through life at the slowest pace, without leaving even a mark in the sands of time.

Had Newton yielded to the common understanding of men, satisfied with ideas which had



no proof, a peck of apples might have fallen on his head without starting the thought why all substances tended to a center, and how planets could whirl so swiftly through space and not be jostled from their track. When Columbus rose above the common-sense of the world, and ventured out where men had never dared to go before, lo! before his eye lay a hemisphere that was yet to be the wonder of the world. Other men might have thought as he thought, and done as he did, but they preferred the *common-sense* ideas of the subject, and so they staid at home.

The popular idea was, that all lightning was good for was to purify the air, shatter trees, strike houses, and kill people; but by the experiments and careful labor of *a few men*, and finally of one man, it is found to be highly serviceable as the speediest agent yet known on earth.

Who does not see at a glance that common-sense, *as it is among men*, filled the earth and air with gods innumerable, and then instituted worship for them all, and hence it became necessary that the only real Deity proclaim from the highest heavens that there was but one God, and men should worship him? And today, more than half the human family, following the dictates of their common understanding of things, are blind yet sincere idolaters. The omniscient Creator knew that the common-sense of mankind was insufficient for their greatest good here or hereafter, and hence he made supernatural revelations concerning a higher and purer life, which all might learn to live, and excited within us a laudable ambition to struggle up from our earthly surroundings, and grasp after and attain things excellent and exalted; and whoever would be in the highest sense what they were made for, must not be satisfied with mere common-sense, must not sit down with an idle contentment, leaving things just as they now are, hoping to be borne along on the tide of circumstances, but constantly aim for the highest and best possible attainments, the most correct theory—a theory true as the Word of God, an experience as genuine as Paul's, and that will mature while life lasts, and a practice becoming a rational being made for improvement and immortality.

So we may all desire, as Charles Wesley did, when he sensibly and so sweetly sung:

"Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good."

EVERY person complains of the badness of his memory, but none of their defective judgment.

## MY VALLEY HOME.

BY MARION MONTROSE.

PURPLE-TINGED and tipped with gold,  
Lo! the mountain-tops appear,  
In their giant arms infold  
All the vale low-lying here.  
O, my beauteous valley home!  
O, my glorious mountains round!  
Never more I wish to roam,  
Ever near to thee be found.

All my joys and sorrows here,  
All my hopes and fears with thee;  
Duty's path is bright and clear  
With thy loving arms round me.

When God calls me hence away,  
By the white-robed angel Death,  
To that realm of fadeless day,  
I would ask with latest breath:  
Lay me in my own dear valley,  
While the mountains round me close,  
Sentinels to guard me ever,  
In that last and long repose.

With the calm, blue sky above me,  
Fleecy clouds upon its breast,  
I would ask of those who love me,  
Ne'er to mark my place of rest.  
There I'll sleep till God shall call me  
To his arms—no more to roam—  
In those far-off regions, brighter  
Even than my valley home.

## THE LOST DARLING.

BY ANNA GRAYSON.

My darling babe—my beautiful!  
I'm gazing on him now—  
His cheek is pale, his blue eyes closed,  
And icy cold his brow;  
His dimpled hands are folded o'er  
His pure and sinless breast;  
Like some sweet rosebud crushed at morn  
He lieth now at rest.

He sleeps—but O, my heart is bowed  
With anguish deep and sore,  
For I know on earth my darling  
Shall waken never more,  
That I no more his form shall clasp,  
No more his lips shall kiss,  
No more shall hear his silv'ry voice,  
Which thrilled my soul with bliss.

No more to list for pattering feet,  
Nor feel his soft arms twine  
Around my neck in fond embrace—  
Such joys no more are mine;  
But O, my Father, at thy feet  
I lay my burden down;  
Help me to bow and meekly say,  
"Thy holy will be done."

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

WE can hardly conceive of any public duty of more fearful responsibility than that which devolves upon the impaneled jury, who are to decide upon facts which involve human life. The unbiased judgment, notwithstanding appearances and circumstances—the undeviating attention to conflicting evidence, intricate details, and trifling incidents, which become important from their bearing, the charitable feeling which should keep alive all doubts of guilt till fully proved, are indeed mental exercises of the highest order. These traits of character may be taxed too much in decisions where all rests upon circumstantial evidence. Innumerable instances have demonstrated the fallibility of such evidence in cases where common-sense could have no doubt. The consciousness that such has been the case, and the conviction that such may often be the case, are strong arguments against the forfeiture of human life on merely circumstantial evidence.

On the other hand, there are few aphorisms more true than that "murder will out." Crimes of great enormity seldom escape detection. Not unfrequently the means resorted to by the wrong-doer, by which the more effectually to conceal his crime, are converted into a succession of steps by which the officer of justice arrests and convicts the criminal.

Of the unreliability of circumstantial evidence volumes of facts might be adduced, and that, too, at a cost but little more than the mere mechanical labor of penning them. A limited selection of such facts will constitute the staple of our present writing.

A few years ago a gentleman, while on a visit to the British Museum, requested the attendant to let him see a particular coin. The attendant, pointing out the coin, remarked that it was the only coin of that stamp in the world. The gentleman asked if he was sure of that, and answered that it was a known fact. The visitor requested leave to take it in his hand, and on being told that such a favor was against the rules of the institution, he drew a written order from his pocket, which he had procured from one of the members. The coin was then placed in his hand, and he examined it closely for a few minutes and then returned it to the case, which the keeper closed, and the visitor left. Before he had time to reach the street the man rushed after him, demanding the coin. The gentleman averred that he had placed it in the drawer. It was positively declared not to be

there. After a sharp altercation between them, the keeper insisted upon searching the visitor. This he protested he would not allow, and insisted on his again looking into the drawer. He looked, but the coin was not to be found. The police were called and told to search the visitor. He insisted vehemently that he would allow no such thing, and desired the keeper to go back and search the drawer more carefully. In a few minutes he returned, with many apologies, the coin in his hand; it had slipped into a chink in the drawer, where, fortunately, it had been found. Had it remained undiscovered the gentleman would have been in a most pitiable situation, for he took from his purse a coin exactly like that just found. Having heard that there was one of the same stamp in the British Museum, he had gone for the purpose of examining it and comparing it with his own. The other gone—which was believed to have been the only one in existence—and this found on the gentleman, would have been a lasting stain upon his character.

There are few who have not met with cases where the most overwhelming circumstantial evidence might have been brought forward to criminate had not light been fortunately thrown on the facts. Accidental injuries may be attributed to design, if sufficient motive for such can be proved. It is recorded that two persons, who had been hunting during the day, slept together at night. One of them was renewing the chase in his dreams, and, imagining himself present at the death of the stag, cried out, "I'll kill him, I'll kill him!" The other, awakened by the noise, got out of bed, and, by the light of the moon, beheld the sleeper give several deadly stabs with a knife on that part of the bed which he had just quitted. Now suppose that the dreaming hunter had not awoke his companion with his noise—that he had struck him a fatal blow; and let it be further proved that the two had quarreled the night before; with all these facts before them, would not almost any jury have brought in a verdict of guilty against the unconscious actor for the willful murder of his bed-fellow?

Many persons have been tried and condemned for murder in consequence of marks, supposed to be blood-stains, being found upon their person or apparel. But scientific discoveries of late years show the danger and fallacy of being too positive from such seeming proof. The noble science of chemistry proves that stains supposed to be human blood may be but animal blood, or even but the fluid of vegetable matter. The microscope, in the hands of one deeply versed in chemistry, is eminently successful in discov-



ering the distinction between blood and any other stain resembling it; in distinguishing between human blood and animal blood, and even in distinguishing between the blood of different animals.

Take the following illustrations as some evidence of the benefits of such scientific skill:

In March, 1840, a person was murdered at Islington. A man was apprehended on suspicion; a sack was found in his possession, having upon it many red stains, supposed to be blood. Professor Graham examined them, and found them to be red paint, containing peroxyl of iron; and it was proved that the sack had been worn as an apron by a boy who had been apprenticed to a paper stainer; the accused had received it a few days before wrapped round a parcel.

A farmer's lad was taken up on suspicion of murder. His blue blouse and trowsers were marked with red and brown stains, apparently blood, and it appeared as if the blood-stained fingers had been wiped on them. The articles were chemically examined, and the marks found to have been caused by vegetable juice. The boy, on being questioned, stated that on the day before he was apprehended he gathered a quantity of red poppies, which had been bruised by his treading on them: he took them home in his blouse. A chemical examination added confirmation to the lad's story, and thus, in all probability, saved his life.

Some years ago a young man was accused of having murdered his uncle, to whom he was heir. A knife found in his possession was produced in court as evidence against him. It was stained with dark spots resembling blood. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the instrument had been used a short time before by a person in cutting a lemon, and as it had not been wiped the acid, acting on the metal, had caused the appearance.

A few years ago a man was arrested on suspicion of murder. The collar and upper part of his shirt were stained with spots of a deep pinkish color, which appeared like blood that had been attempted to be washed out; but as none of the color was discharged by the application of water, and being turned of a light crimson by ammonia it was found not to be blood, and the stain was accounted for when it was found that the man had worn a red handkerchief tied round his neck one wet night while taking violent exercise.

About sixty years ago a day laborer was arraigned on the charge of murdering his fellow-laborer. The evidence against him was very strong. The two had been digging together in

the field where the murdered man had been found. The victim was found lying dead upon the ground—the fatal wound was inflicted by the stroke of a spade, which was found beside him, the edge covered with hair and blood. His companion was not in the field, but his was the spade which had given the death blow—it was marked with his name. In further evidence it came out that they had had a violent dispute the night before about the division of the sum for the digging of the field. To the surprise of every one who attended the trial the jury could not agree; there was one who refused to join in the verdict of guilty. After having held out for the allotted time they were taken to the usual confines and there dismissed. The man was liberated, but though he had escaped with his life, he was regarded as the murderer of his fellow-laborer. It was not till some years afterward that his character was cleared. The poor man had been put to death by a sporting gentleman, who had gone out hunting early in the morning. Some of the hounds had bounded over the hedge and the sportsman followed them. One man was in the field alone, the other having gone to light his pipe at the nearest cabin. The laborer spoke insolently to the sportsman, and came forward to order him out of the field. The gentleman made a lash at him with his whip. The man, hurrying aside to avoid it, slipped and fell on the sharp edge of the spade, which was in the ground; his head was cloven, and he fell dead upon the ground. The sportsman, in an agony, went to a friend and told him what had happened. Acting on his advice he immediately took ship and went abroad. Learning soon after that the poor man was arraigned on the charge of murder, the friend of the sportsman managed to have his name put on the panel, for the purpose of saving the accused—he was the juror who refused to affix his name to the verdict of guilty.

The following narrative—appropriate to our present purpose—claims for its paternity the late renowned Daniel O'Connell: Some years ago I went to Clonmel Assizes and accidentally witnessed a trial which I shall never forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair and exchanged blows: again that evening they had met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and

was found next day on the roadside murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner; in fact, it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called for his defense. He called, to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered—the identification of dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the "White Boy Act"—had fled and only returned with a noble Irish feeling of justice when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear—the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire: they returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed him the verdict "guilty." Every one was astonished. "Good God!" said the judge, "of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely." "No, my lord," said the foreman, "but if he did not murder that man, he stole my mare three years ago."

More than a century ago there was a trial and execution in Dublin which excited great interest. It was that of a surgeon, well known in society, and esteemed for his amiable character, and remarkable for his humanity to the poor. He lived in a retired street. It happened one evening that the milk-woman found the street door ajar, and not being answered when she knocked at it, she made her way into the kitchen. She had no sooner entered it than, uttering a loud shriek, she called aloud for help. The passers by and persons from the neighboring houses were soon on the spot, and the kitchen was crowded in a short time. A sad spectacle presented itself. The young woman, who was servant to the surgeon, was lying dead on the floor, while her dress was stained with blood, which had issued from a wound in her side. In looking about the floor a surgical instrument was found, which was also stained with blood. A medical man, who was present, ascertained that it was the instrument which had inflicted the death wound. On further search a shirt, saturated with blood, was found huddled up in the coal-hole; it was marked with the initials of the surgeon's name. He was immediately seized, and, though protesting his innocence, he was evidently under considerable agitation. The silent witnesses which were brought against

him were thought sufficient to prove his guilt, and all attempts to account for their being near the unfortunate girl were scouted in the cross-examination. A living witness was also produced in court, an old lady, who deposed that she lived in the house directly opposite to that in which the surgeon resided; that her dining-room window commanded a view of his premises, and that it was customary with her to watch his movements; she deposed that she had not taken her eyes off his house all that day on which the murder was perpetrated; that no one had left or entered his house that day but himself; that he went home about four o'clock, his usual hour of returning; and that on knocking at the door it was opened by the servant, who, to the best of her belief, shut it fast when her master went in; that she saw him, three or four times, pass the windows in the sitting-room; that the last time she saw him was about an hour and a half before the murder; that she observed him look both sides the street and then shut the window; he held something in his hand, which she thinks may have been a surgical instrument; but this she would not positively swear. In summing up the evidence the horror which the prisoner had betrayed when looking on the body of his servant, was eloquently dwelt on as a crowning proof of guilt. The defense was weak and meager—a bare denial of the crime being its chief substance. A thrill of horror pervaded the court. The jury retired—a brief space sufficed for deliberation—they returned with a verdict of guilty. The judge, having donned his black cap, exhorted the prisoner on the heinousness of his crime, and pronounced the fatal sentence. It is said that the condemned showed much fortitude throughout, and persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. He was brought to the fatal place of execution amid a vast concourse, and the execrations of the people. An old gentleman states, his father being at that time a child of a few years he was held up in the arms of his nurse to see the procession to the place of execution. The surgeon was often spoken of in the social circle as one who had been held in much estimation. His untimely end was lamented; but there were but few who did not believe it merited.

It was after the lapse of some years that one who had emigrated to America returned. He was ill and troubled in mind; something lay heavy on his heart and disturbed his conscience. He made his confession to the priest; he had been the lover of the murdered girl, he informed his spiritual confessor. That evening, at an early hour, she had let him in at the back door to take tea with her. While they sat together he asked



her for a kiss, but this she refused to give him. She took up her master's surgical instrument, which she had to clean, and which lay on the table beside her, and she pointed it toward him jestingly. In a struggle she fell on it, and it pierced her side; he snatched the shirt which she had on her lap to mend, and with it stanch'd the flowing blood; but life soon ebbed away, and he saw the girl that he loved—who had been laughing and talking with him but a few moments before—lying dead beside him. His agony only gave way to the instinct of self-preservation; when he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps he thrust the blood-stained shirt into the coal-hole, and setting the hall door ajar he concealed himself behind it; and when the crowd had collected on hearing the alarm, he mingled with it, and then passed into the street, and on to the quay, and getting on board an American ship he sailed in a few hours. When he learned that the surgeon's life had been forfeited he was overwhelmed with anguish. The only reparation in his power was, to clear the surgeon's character from the heinous imputation; but though he felt a relief in this act of justice, yet he could not wholly undo the injury inflicted.

A respect for justice seems to be inherent in our nature, and the impression left on the public mind by the chance that an innocent person may have suffered for a crime which he did not commit, tends to lessen the reverence for laws which may operate unjustly. The possibility and the probability of innocence are frequently one and the same in popular estimation; and we know that the possibility and the probability of guilt have in some cases been considered the same by those who have carried on prosecutions. Thus, on the one side, the delinquent has been frequently elevated to the position of a martyr, and, on the other hand, the guiltless has been degraded to that of the criminal. A difference in the penalty awarded for supposed or for positive guilt would generate more reasonable views.

Such is the mental constitution of some persons they are entirely unfitted to be enrolled with a jury. Some there are who are incredulous in the face of overwhelming evidence. Others there are who are so extremely credulous that a bare assertion, the most shallow argument, or the mere shadow of evidence suffices to command their assent to any absurdity which may present itself for their acceptance. These latter characters frequently require no further proof of the guilt or innocence of another than such as is presented in the physiognomy of the countenance. On such evidence they would

condemn or acquit nine of every ten cases which might come under their judicial investigation. Appropriate to these remarks is the following incident, given by Charles Dickens, of A Prison Scene in Munich:

The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. At one particular washing-tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being the signal for us to notice them. Two looked up and fairly beamed with smiles. One, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her, her looks were so modest. A fourth, a fat, ill-looking old woman also, never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had had remarkably agreeable faces; one, with good features and a very mild expression; the other, a small woman, and though with blooms on her cheeks, a certain sad, anxious expression about the eyes and mouth. Of which of these four women were we to hear a fearful history related? The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman. As soon as we were in the court our conductor said:

"Now, what do you say about those women?"

"Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison, and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say that they could not be guilty of much crime, perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall young girl is not only handsome but gentle-looking."

"That tall young girl," replied the guide, "was one who, a year or two ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and, cutting her up, buried her in the garden; the little woman, next to her, some two years since murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman, who stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old; the fat old woman is only in for a slight offense." So much for judging from physiognomy.

"Appearances deceive,

And this one maxim is a standing rule—

Men are not what they seem." HARVARD.

"A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

SHAKESPEARE.

## RELIGION.

OUR religion, awing those whom it justifies, and comforting those whom it reproves, so wisely tempereth hope with fear, that it abases us infinitely more than unassisted reason could do, without driving us to despair, and it exalts us infinitely more than the pride of our nature could do, without rendering us vain.

## A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. E. F. CARY, D. D.

A CHAPLAIN'S commission is very much like other commissions, and authorizes any one bearing it to do whatsoever his hands find to do in and about the regiment to which he may be attached. Military authorities have thought proper to leave the chaplain's rank and duties in the most doubtful state, while his pay was said to be that of a captain of cavalry. The chaplain soon finds himself at his wits' end about many cases of duty and privilege, and concludes his arrangements, and fixes his status by determining, in all things, to follow the advice of the colonel—or his own inclinations.

This rule leads to the greatest variety in dress, bearing, labors, and rank. One puts on shoulder-straps, striped pants, military hat, duly ornamented, and carries a sword; this one rides a splendid horse, and carries holsters and pistols—in a word, he is a captain of —. From this, through all grades of uniform, chaplains dress, till you find them in plain citizen's dress. We have been in the latter class, not preferring to put on any uniform till it should be prescribed in the regulations. While this is inconvenient in many instances, it is perfectly congenial to many chaplains whom we have met, and who have shunned all uniforms. Commissioned indefinitely to do good wherever opportunity offered, we have gone into the field.

A new regiment crowded on a boat; lager beer and brandy making innumerable disagreeable noises, ending in a concert of hoarse mutterings and oaths; a tender parting scene, wherein we participated; a few cheers, and we are off. This experience repeated, with variations, makes up the trip till we are on another boat with another regiment, and an artillery company, a brigadier-general, and some other curiosities.

## BRIGADIERS.

It is unfortunate that our experience did not agree with our notions about generals. We fancied a brigadier to be a man of noble mien, of exalted courage, of chaste and manly conversation. We expected to find him a little reserved, and quite dignified, but courteous and accessible. Our first brigadier was a sharp, quick, fidgety, hatchet-faced, profane little man, who was about the opposite of our fancied general.

We came to the conclusion that the virtue of generals was not like that of Cesar's wife, above suspicion. Profanity and vulgarity may

be soldierly virtues, but we do n't see it that way yet: be assured, however, that the main point in a general is to fight successfully, and this will hide a multitude of sins. Our ideal general has not appeared; yet some have almost filled the picture. But our disappointment has been considerable in looking at the generals who command the bar-rooms of the various hotels we have seen. We have wondered if one brigadier, with his staff, would not be sufficient for the control of one beer saloon, and whether it would not be possible to have generals who could be brave in battle, and *true* always.

Our second acquaintance among brigadiers greatly enhanced our sinking appreciation of the class. He, too, was small, wiry, nervous, excitable, and profane—but, withal, honorable, patriotic, sincere, and successful, as far as he *dared to be*. He could not do much against traitors, for that was not popular—nor, indeed, allowed; and the chafed and mercurial brigadier was obliged to see the enemy multiplying the means of destroying his country, without the power to strike him. Our third general was a general failure, and had won his star and spurs by being of one of the "first families," an accident which often proves advantageous.

## HOW MUCH CHAPLAINS ARE WORTH.

"Chaplains are not worth a —," is a common form of execration at Corinth, and other places, and is used by colonels and captains who, in civil life, have disgraced themselves and families by vices which chaplains sometimes reprove.

Go, see the faithful chaplain in the hospital, a ministering angel to the sick; behold him praying, laboring unweariedly for the fallen and the falling, and you may learn something of his worth! Profane, ungentelemanly, proud, tyrannical, and ignorant officers often curse, ridicule, and despise the chaplain, till they themselves are stricken down by disease, which tames the fiercest man or wildest beast.

Much of the prejudice against chaplains, we learned, existed in consequence of the ignorance and imbecility of the men filling the place; and, if they are as imbecile and as ignorant, to say nothing of other faults, as many high officers, they richly deserve the contempt manifested. If this war has not unearthed more fossils and upheaved more "poor worms of the dust" than the science of geology analyzes, we are mistaken. Stolid mediocrity, with two stars on its shoulders, has been permitted to astonish the nation and the world by feats of stupidity that beat all the acts of all past fools. Self-heralded heroes have gone forth to battle with words of



defiance and boasting, and have made manifest God's anger in their shameful discomfiture. Chaplains are found wanting, but so are other men. How much are many generals worth!

#### SURRENDERING.

We have an opinion about surrendering which must be extremely heterodox, when we consider how many officers have surrendered of late. In civil life military laws would be too severe; but we believe any officer who surrenders his command, except when every possibility of defense is cut off, deserves death. There have been but few surrenders in this war that were not disgraceful to our arms. We were surrendered, our camps plundered, our baggage destroyed, our regiment ruined—surrendered by treachery or cowardice, to a foe that could not have taken us. In that fatal contest the chaplain and writer of this article lost but little; but among the few things appropriated from our scanty supply of valuables, the enemy saw proper to take a "Life of Napoleon," in French—and this accounts for the silence on that subject.

The misfortunes of that day taught us lessons of gratitude, lessons of friendship and confidence, which years of an ordinary experience might have failed to teach.

When surrounded by the dead and dying, when assisting in dressing the fearful wounds of sufferers, when putting the canteen of water to quivering lips, or uttering words of comfort in the ears of the dying, we felt a sweet, holy calm; resting on Jesus Christ, we knew that underneath were the everlasting arms. Religion was then presented, in all its forms of beauty and of power, a living thing, stirring up the soul with heavenly thoughts, and pouring over the path of sorrow the radiance of heaven.

Friendship was there, too—unexpected and glorious. A citizen of Murfreesboro invited to his home the chaplain just escaped from captivity, and a lieutenant, his companion, and they were made welcome by every demonstration of kindness. We trembled when we considered that that kindness shown to strangers might prove the ruin of those who so willingly yielded it, and were willing to risk so much to save us.

It would be unjust to censure the women of the South indiscriminately, for to us they were almost uniformly courteous, and, in the case of our kind host and his family, we never shall forget how much we owe to Southern ladies. We were not captives begging bread, but our misfortunes were nobly covered up in the profusion of rich blessings we received from our new-made friends. We were begged to do them

the kindness to stay at their house and find a retreat, as long as necessity required. We found ourselves surprised by the attentions so freely bestowed, and did not venture to refuse to receive where gifts were urged with such openness and assiduity.

While we would overthrow the rebellion and the rebels, and use every power God has given us for the purpose, we would not entertain hatred in our hearts for all who live among our enemies. Policy may sometimes make men friends, and this is the case with those who are bound together by the tie of party or class; but true friendship has its genuine feeling, its indescribable warmth and affinity. The little child unerringly detects the difference between the caresses of a kind-hearted, true man and a mere pretender. Friendship has its own radiance, and is as distinct in its manifestation as the sunlight. So it was in our kindly reception by those whose residence was in an enemy's country. We were honored guests, and only left because we preferred freedom to the prospect of being prisoners.

The chaplaincy is a place happily free from worldly ambitions. If any one envies the chaplain, he is only to be pitied; if any one dreams him free from care, he is mistaken. The chaplain can not be promoted; his rank is at once supreme; he is above a lieutenant-general; no merit can make him greater, no demerit can degrade him to lower rank. If he is faithful, well—if unfaithful, he always gets his pay as "captain of cavalry"—now changed, we believe. To this the chaplain need not object. All know him, whether he knows himself or not.

As to liking war, who can? It is diabolical in all of its forms, and to us never more utterly hideous than in its tawdry dress and pretense of glory. The scramble for the summit would be ridiculous, were it not that the mountain is made of human bodies. See them climb over mangled forms, cemented into one by stiffening blood, a mountain of crushed limbs, of brains, and skulls, and bones, and flesh! Generals, colonels, captains, are mounting up this horrible way to gain a miserable bauble at the top. When patriots fight to save their country, it is noble; but when leaders fight to gain the Presidential chair, it is ignoble, it is base—and, blessed be God! it will not succeed. Our wasting armies and our waning cause warn us that a godless ambition is rapidly bringing woe to the land.

We hope that God will smile again upon us, and pardon our sins, and give us victory. If justice had been our rule, mercy and success would have been our portion from Him who rules the universe.

## THE MOTHER OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

IT was a pitiful picture, in the wild and almost tropical border-land of Carolina, when Elizabeth Jackson's husband died. The long lances of sunlight lay over his low bed, and his eyes wore a far-off look, feebly turning toward the shores of his nativity. No matter how sad has been one's childish experiences, there is something in their memories which draws the thoughts backward to them with softening and regretful emotions. Although those days were filled with toil and privation, yet they were beautiful, because he had wooed and won, in his humble and earnest way, the noble woman who had charmed his years by a graceful submission to the inevitable in their united lives, and brought sunshine out of the shadows of poverty.

When his introverted gaze came back to the weeping wife, and young boys, who were so soon to be fatherless, the greatest agony that can mingle in the death of a man—that of leaving his helpless ones alone—swept over him, and he shuddered as if in the very clasp of the white angel of death. His wife, with the intuition of a woman's love, understood his silent expression, and, with the heroism that only great sorrow can bring, bade him leave them with the Father, and with her, and their name and race would not be forgotten.

It was a tender parting, such a one as warm Irish hearts can feel, and the eloquent dialect of that people can express.

And so, as the sun went down, the angel conquered, and the mother and sons were alone with death.

Hugh and Robert were but little fellows, and but half comprehended their mother's tears, and their father's unearthly silence. But she, with a marvelous heroism, comforted her little ones, while the dead was yet to bury, and the shadow and coming motherhood, with no one to soothe her in its trials, lay just before her.

She knew what toil was, for her infancy, almost, was spent in the linen factory of Carriekfergus, and her life had been one of labor, and sometimes of actual want.

A few days passed, and Andrew Jackson came, almost unwelcome, into the world.

Was there that in the mother's soul which pictured the future of her boy, and made the days of her loneliness and struggling fair and beautiful? That she was a pious woman, one who trusted in a covenant-keeping God, we can not doubt, from the latter-day testimony of her son, and the martyrdom she chose, in the fever-

stricken ships of war, at Charleston, where her adopted countrymen were imprisoned because they loved liberty too well.

Her baby, born five days after the burial, grew to be a comfort, a happiness to her, for he was a merry boy, full of rollicking fun, generous and resolute, ready for any fate that came to him, so be that he was leader or ruler of those about him. He did not love his books, and never became a scholar, though for his nation's needs he was a wise man.

At the age of eleven, he saw his mother give her first-born to his country with the blessing and prayer of affection—ay, the prayer of a widow for her eldest son, her pride and hope. What resolutions this touching scene caused to be formed will never be known, but it made a man of the child of twelve years.

When his brother died, not by the sword—though he fell for freedom's sweet sake as surely as if his blood had sunk into the earth—he asked his mother to give him in his fallen brother's stead.

Who can picture to themselves this child of twelve years, with the memory of the terrible battle of Hanging Rock before his young eyes, and the moaning of the wounded and dying yet in his ears, pleading with his mother to let him go from her, and take a like grave, if it was in his path to liberty?

His childish hands had bound up the mangled limbs, and covered the dead faces of the fallen after the massacre, by Tarlton, of the Waxhaw soldiery, and yet the child did not shrink.

Another year, and she girded the sword to his boyish side, and, with his only surviving brother, he left his noble mother alone, trusting in her prayers, as she trusted in her child's love, and the good God who held the fate of one young soul with the same care that he weighed the fate of nations. The next she heard of them they were prisoners of the enemy, and suffering from wounds inflicted by a brutal British commander because their pride would not let them perform menial offices for a foe.

Then the small-pox prostrated them, and they lay dependent upon the uncertain attentions of a physician who hated them.

Mrs. Jackson, with her intrepid exertions and undaunted perseverance, effected their exchange for two tory prisoners, and she took them back to Waxhaw to nurse them and love them, her two boys, her idols. She walked beside the horse that bore them over the long miles from their captivity to Waxhaw, only too glad to be weary with and for them. Robert died in her arms; and she, poor woman, felt, no doubt, that her cup of sorrow was overflowing, but "He



careth for his children." When the grave covered her second boy, she was left with only her last feeble child and poverty; but she sank not, uttered no cry of despair—so the General tells us years afterward—but nursed him tenderly for many months, laboring for their bread and shelter, and when the flush of health came to him, they endured their last tearful parting.

Mrs. Jackson had greatly desired that Andrew should become a clergyman, but his dislike to study and quiet proved the impossibility of such an attainment; and, at this last interview, she gave him the freedom of choosing his own course in life, telling him, in her own tender way, that she could trust her brave boy out in the "storms and glints of sunshine," and she was sure she should never be ashamed of her child. Poor, unselfish woman! she did not need to care for him, nor for herself, for she lay on God's altar—human love—and he took her to a mansion in his kingdom, she who was homeless on the earth!

Andrew labored for a meager subsistence, while his mother soothed the sick, and aided and comforted those in British bondage in the now infamous city of Charleston.

It is a mysterious Providence that permits all things—and we wonder that the grave of Elizabeth Jackson does not give up its dead martyr to freedom, that she may rebuke the wicked sons and daughters of that wicked city. She rests there; and the memory of her death gave her son, when President of these United States, the steady purpose and invincible will to crush rebellion whose core was by the grave of his heroic mother. His successes as a lawyer, when only twenty years of age—his achievements as a general—his executive skill as Chief Magistrate of this great country—may they not be traced back to the wonderful spirit of the woman who carried him in her arms, and taught him lessons of endurance, of self-sacrifice, and manly ambition?

In these days, when almost every hearth must have one less merry voice, and the heart aches for the absent, it would be well to remember this woman, who gave her children and herself, even their lives and her own, for justice, for freedom, and murmured not a word—this heroine, who sent her tender boys to battle, bearing her blessing, trusting in God, and waiting weary weeks and months for tidings which only came with death or imprisonment in the messages! There were no lightning heralds then, to bear at any moment the good or ill of those who do battle in the holy war, and there never was a bolder than this effort of ours to crush the rebellion of eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

## PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

[CONCLUDED.]

### A PILGRIMAGE ON THE RHINE.

OUR last day begins with rain. But a tourist, like a farmer, must not regard the sky. And then rain has its uses in shading off the picture which he is thus painting. So we receive the drops as providential in their gift, and beneficial in their effect. We leave St. Goarshausen under the beetling crags, cross the river, walk down the large and lively village of St. Goar, climb a steep hill, and stand among the ruins of Rheinfels. Their extent is immense. It is a palace in front, a fortress behind—always both, and a prison besides; and the guide drops a bit of lighted paper into a dungeon twenty feet deep and ten feet wide, into which prisoners were let down by the windlass, as at Marksburg, but without even a bit of lighted paper for a momentary illumination. The two castles opposite—the Cat and the Mouse—are both admirably situated, but the Mouse superior in both position and condition. These old clergy always showed excellent taste in the location of their buildings, whether churches or fortresses.

From the summit opens, to the west, a valley of exquisite beauty. It is deep, narrow, faced with vines, and glides slowly and gracefully away from our sight into high, embracing hills. This fort has often been a scene of blood and terror. Built to rob the merchants of the riverside by tolls, it cost so much that its owner had to increase his tariff to pay his debts. They revolted, and, under the instigation of a citizen of Mayence, forty miles above, they besieged the fortress for fifteen months, without success. Their failure was the cause of the confederation of the Rhine, six hundred years ago, and the beginning of the work of despoiling all these towers, and introducing free trade on the river. Why should a harbor on the edge of the Atlantic stream be burdened with a tariff any more than a river? These men claimed that their dominion included that portion of the river adjoining it; and what nation does not levy a tax on the merchandise that enters its territory? There were no less than thirty such custom-houses once on the Rhine. Now the Duke of Nassau alone ekes out his scanty living with this impost.

Other bloody battles have raged around these walls, and hundreds of the dead have filled its trenches. How still and serene now! We walk along the edge of the precipice, looking down

on the St. Goar's lead-colored roofs—on the swift river, the green and brown cliffs that wave in and out along the opposite shore—over their heads, far out on the high uplands, covered with waving fields and their reapers—the Ruths among them busy with the sickle here, showing the progress of our race since the time of Boaz, and from half-civilized Asia to highly-cultured Europe. Creeping down the almost perpendicular side, we walk under the mountains, by the huge, overhanging rock of Lulci, by the whirling rapids of Gewhrr, and the seven rocks peeping out of the channel—all of them full of legends which are much better remembered than real history. A turn in the river and road sets Oberwesel before our eyes, the most romantically situated of all these river towns. Close behind it the mountains rise steep and high, but not rocky; their summits are covered with grain, and a barn is the highest tower—a better symbol of the true dignity and duty of man than all these hoary castles. The town climbs a little way up the sides. On its highest point St. Martin's Church stands out in majestic greatness. Six hundred years has it been the crown of Oberwesel. Farther on stands a grand Gothic church, but little younger, and in itself, but not in its position, more stately. A step or two more, and a ruined castle is seen, overhanging the last church. On this separate, rocky promontory, the family of the Schönberg flourished, and long overtopped the pretty village in power and pride. They have utterly disappeared, their castle is a heap of ruins, but the pretty hamlet still lives, and families as old as theirs are flourishing there in humble prosperity.

Opposite the town, on every side, grand hills swell around it, covered thick with vines. It is hidden in the clefts of the rock. How can its people be aught but refined and religious, amid such scenes? We fear that neither of these graces flourish there. We pass out of the town under the overhanging walls of Schönberg, and see, on the opposite bank, a mile or two below this, another ruin standing forth. It was built by the brother of Henry III, of England, for his wife. Love, or its fiery counterfeit, glistens on all these ruins. Below is a village ruled and owned by the Duke of Nassau, and in the middle of the river is a little polygonal tower known to fame. The hot sun drives us for shelter under the cool crags beside us. As we sit there, a German student, with his wallet and hammer, comes up and pecks at the rock for specimens. We fall into a very mixed state of reflections. There is the old ruin, built by a long-buried love; from it the Swedes tried for

six days to drive the Spaniards from the post where we are sitting. At its foot, in the stream, is the little fort where Louis le Debonnaire, weary with his crown and courtiers, went to die—a spot that has its dungeon racks and horrid history. All these events cast their portion in the caldron bubbling in our thoughts, and made it a *potage à la Julien*, to which all herbs and condiments contribute—the wandering mineralogist, the wandering American, the early gayety of the castle, the bloody confusion that raged around it, of a week of blackness, thunderings, lightnings, and death—the dying bed of the exhausted king—the distress, darkness, that had beat against the walls of that little prison, more fierce than any mountain torrents that had rushed upon them from without. All these blossomed in the hot silence of that Summer hour, and ripened into imperishable memories.

A half-hour's walk brings us to the comparatively-large town of Bacharach. Its name means the altar of Bacchus, and this altar is a rock in the river, which, exposed by lowness of the water, gives token of a fruitful vintage. It lies bare to the blaze, and so the vine-dressers of Bacharach are, doubtless, daily rejoicing. The town lies, like most of the rest, on a little shelf at the foot of very high hills. The shelf is a trifle wider than that on which Oberwesel stands, but is yet very narrow; sixty to eighty rods is its greatest width. Right over it hangs a pile of ruins belonging to the Queen of Prussia—her ancestors once ruling them. Under it, and on a little ledge just over the roofs of the houses, is the prettiest ruin on the river. It is a bit of chapel—finished in 1428—to the memory of St. Werner, a lad killed by the Jews, and cast into the stream three miles below; but his body floated up stream to this place, and was buried on this spot. So says the legend. If that is not solid and beautiful, the temple erected to his memory is. Only two sides remain—each a curve—of six lofty windows, full of delicate tracery, and separated by thin columns. In its cool shade I ate my noonday meal, and rested myself with sleep. The dead of many ages lie around me, and sleep puts me into symbolic companionship with them. We look at the airy lantern of stone, and think how this was finished three-quarters of a century before America was discovered, when there was no Spanish Empire, and the dark ages prevailed—and yet no finer fruit of highest genius can be found in the works of our boastful present.

Awakened from our dreams and deeper slumbers, we speedily leave the proud old town, now almost as lifeless as the ruins above it, pass



through rows of pine trees, and saunter along the banks, picking blackberries. They have a sour taste, as if they could n't be popular as berries, and strove to be grapes, and got only the sourness of the wine, not the sweetness of nature in their effort. Here is the long street of Nieder Heimbach, with a castle stuck on its head. The proximity of the ruin, or the river, or something else, had stimulated the inhabitants to do their uttermost in the way of degrading nature—for it is by far the dirtiest spot I have seen in Europe. Every other door opens into a stable or a pigsty; piles of compost reek in the sun close to the doors and the roadway; piles of fagots and logs modify the fragrance, not the beauty of the scene; children and chickens, dogs and donkeys, men and women, mingle unconcernedly in the filthy mess. On one of the logs a girl was teaching others to knit; on another, a mother was tending her children. To crown the contraries, almost all of the houses were washed with pink, white, pea-green, or such delicate colors. I gladly escaped from the scene and smell, and welcomed the black clouds and driving wind that were coming up the river. It seemed as if all nature needed purifying. One can not help wondering at their condition. The hills before and behind them are superbly lovely, and full of cleanly and lovely suggestions. Moore's fling at America is far more applicable to these tenants of the Rhine, "vermin crawling on a lion's crest." A great work is to be done all through Europe, in the purification and elevation of the people.

Here comes the storm, black and muttering. Bulwer says it takes a thunder-storm to bring out all the glories of the Rhine. So I was favored with this *sine qua non*. But I was expecting too much, and so failed to feel any extraordinary grandeur. The hills grew blacker, the river rougher, but otherwise it was as all such storms are, only less severe. We pass under the shadow of Sonneck—dismantled in the thirteenth century, and lately restored in perfect taste—far better than the two royal restorations of Stolzenfels and Rheinstein. It looks wild and savage; no garden, nor shrubbery, nor arrangement of trees—one untouched forest seems to close it round and rise far above it. It must be very lovely, and strikingly shows at what a loss of humble but living affections these men of old built desolate places for themselves. The close of the rain finds us near the close of the day and journey. We take a ferry to Assmanshausen, famed for its wines, climb the hill among the vines for half an hour, and emerge at the spot where this letter was begun. Come through the woods to this little tower of

Rosel, and take your farewell look of the castled and mountainous Rhine. Under you hangs Ehrenfels, on the edge of a high rock, a favorite retreat of the Archbishops of Mayence. Opposite, and to the north, three of these once-terrible monsters growl with their skeleton jaws upon the traffic that they can no longer despoil. A little to the south, on the other shore, nestles Bingen, made famous by a ballad of Mrs. Norton. How many of these spots owe all their celebrity to fancy! The dreams of the people and the poets invest them with legendary and attractive life. Bingen lies at the base of moderate hills—lofty elsewhere, but lowly here in the neighborhood of their stalwart brethren. They are cultivated to, and over, their summits, and set off with suburban adornments the close-packed town. Along its front flows the Rhine, swift and green. On its left or southern side the Nahe timidly creeps into it, and hugs the western shore with its dark waters as if afraid to mingle them in its superior current. On this side is a like phenomenon. The Main, which professedly joins the Rhine twenty miles above, still clings to the hither bank, a narrow, brown ribbon, shaded off on its inner side to the green of the Rhine. These rivers do not lose their identity till they are boiled and dashed among the breakers of the Lurei, twenty miles below. Can we not, as Americans, read history and prophecy in this haughty spurning of the light, superior stream, in the timid creeping of the red and black threads along either side, and in the rapids and whirlpools of the Gewhirr, where mutual suffering and sorrow make them one?

In the middle of the channel, below us, is a little square turret, perhaps twenty feet square, and fifty feet high. It stands alone on a half-acre island, without any marks of grandeur or power. That is the spot where Bishop Hatto was eaten by the rats, according to the legend done into very vivacious English by Southey. On this shore, down the open slopes covered thick with vines, is the village of Rüdesheim—and on its northern edge another ruin, which another legend, like its ivy, keeps green. A Jephtha father, confined in Saracenic captivity, in the time of the Crusades, vowed his daughter to perpetual celibacy if he was delivered. He escaped, and cruelly, but with pious intent, attempted to reduce her to a like grievous confinement in a nunnery. She was betrothed, and protested against her fate. But for his oath's sake he demanded her submission. He shuts her up in his tower right down here on the edge of the river. She threw herself into the stream, and the people yet hear her voice in the sighings

of the storm. The sighs wailing up the gorges are very easy to hear. This interpretation of them you can take, or leave, as you please. It dwells, like most of their class, on the cruelty of power, love, and sorrow.

The next morning after this letter was begun, as we walked down to the castle of Jephtha and his disobedient daughter, and the village in which it stands, we passed "The Temple," a small, circular building, open and pillared, located to give a view up the river. It has suddenly lost all its wildness and sublimity, and become a broad and quiet stream, abounding in large, lovely islands, with banks level, or swelling off into open hills thick with villages and with the vine. Far away on the opposite shore, on one of the highest of these cultivated hills, stood the grandest of the palaces of Charlemagne. It was adorned with hundreds of columns rifled from Italy. Not a vestige remains to mark the spot. Near us, on a low hill this side of the river, is the celebrated vineyard of Johannisberg, belonging to Prince Metternich. Every speck of ground around the white, and square, and homely palace, is devoted to the grape; for it pays too well to sacrifice any space to aristocratic ornament—five to seven dollars a bottle; twenty to forty thousand dollars a year is worth more than pompous gardens and haughty turrets.

The Rhine closes its picturesque department here. From Bonn to Bingen, about ninety miles, it breaks its way through the Taunus Mountains. Above that, for about two hundred miles, it flows through what was once the bed of a great inland lake hemmed in with this range. Many scientific proofs of this fact exist. Through some convulsion, or by its own force, it broke through the opposing hills, and gave Europe a river full of majesty and history.

Two or three common-sense addenda shall bring us back to the light of common day:

First. Many suppose that almost every hill is surmounted with a castle. The fact is, there are but few castles compared with the hills. These swell in and out along the whole line; but the castles are less than twenty in number. This, in a distance of a hundred miles, is not very populous. Probably there were a few more in the days of their prosperity, but they never lined the river; nature held most of the summits unsexed by man. Another error is, in supposing them to be almost inaccessible. They look so as you sail up the stream; but, if you mount to the top of the rocky banks, you will see a vast cultivated upland filled with villages. From these you descend to the castles. They are, in almost every case, below the level of the country, though

above that of the river. They could not be protected from above, and were only dangerous on those below.

The vines of the Rhine are subjects of innumerable bacchanalian odes and much maudlin speech of the opponents of temperance. Their culture is conducted very carefully and thoroughly. Up these steepest hills they are carried. They grow on poles, like beans or hops, and often have to have their roots placed in little baskets of earth. The sides of the hills have high walls built upon them, often not twenty feet apart, and from six to twenty feet high. The hills thus look as if they were fortified. With all this care and expense, the vine-growers are poor. It does not pay for the extraordinary pains. This is probably owing, in part, to the drinking habits of the people. Every body drinks wine, and it is a costly luxury even here. Seventy-five cents is the lowest for a bottle at Assmanshausen, the center of the district; four and five dollars is charged there for the best brands. You can easily see, from this, how next to impossible it is to export any of the pure juice to America. The world is crazy for what it can not have; and, if it had it, it would be no blessing. Most of these wines are miserable in taste, and intoxicating in their effect. I have seen drunken men not a few, where they are said not to exist. They drink all the time, and in great quantities, and rob the purse and the brains alike. Better cling to the real Rhine wine, the streams that run among the hills. Drinking of them often, I can attest to their excellence. Older, more sparkling, more invigorating than their usurping juniors, he that drinketh of these brooks by the way, shall surely lift up his head. Those that drink of the others find their heads soon drooping, and frames soon weary.

Finally, if you want to feel the Rhine, walk. There is no royal road to this sort of learning any more than to any of its kindred. Skimming over its waters is as profitless as skimming over the pages of a translation is to the professed student of the classics. Like Anteus, you must touch the earth if you would be strengthened. You must move slowly over the landscape; you must stop and drink in gradually its especial beauties. So take my advice, and walk the whole ninety miles. A little bag or wallet, and a good staff, is all you need. Guest-houses, as the Germans call their inns, cheap, and usually neat, are at every few miles, and better guest-houses provided by nature on every green sward and under every green tree.

With this mixture of the romantic and the practical, I can properly conclude my story, and bid the Rhine and the reader farewell.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cabinet.

**HUMAN EXALTATION AND HUMILIATION SOURCES OF REJOICING.**—"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich, in that he is made low." James i, 9, 10.

Christianity is the true educator of humanity. It breathes the truest and sublimest philanthropy. In its light man feels that humanity is one. Through its sanctifying influence it connects man with all that is noble, good, and great! In its redemptive poverty and riches are nothing. Moral character, principles, life, conduct, are every thing.

This Scripture teaches us the following things:

I. CHRISTIANITY TEACHES, THAT MAN HOWEVER LOW IN DEGREE IS MAN STILL. "Let the brother of low degree," etc. The less frequent word of the same of poverty and toil is, that they are not men. The millions are not aware of the greatness of their nature. Depression, excessive toil, passion, animalism, and ignorance, eclipse their essence. To them its greatness is scarcely discovered. The conduct and language of the million are, "I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me." It is possible to banter down human nature—to speak of it as a thing so degraded and mean that it is past recovery! There is no propriety, much less piety, in such declamation. The Bible describes humanity's moral deformity; but it takes care to stretch out the helping hand, to raise it from depravity and death! But man though fallen is still man. He has lost his Edenic manliness and glory—the image of God, but not his humanity. He still possesses intelligence, conscience, moral sensibility, and grace has restored his power to will. He is under a redemptive scheme. Redemption comes to him as an angel of light, and proposes to take the wanderer by the hand, and conduct him to the Great Father—to glory, and to perfection!

II. CHRISTIANITY TEACHES, THAT MAN HOWEVER EXALTED IN POSITION IS BUT MAN. "But the rich," etc. It is as great an error in the rich to think too highly of themselves, as it is for the poor to think too meanly of themselves. The spirit of many is, that pence make shillings, shillings make pounds, and pounds make men. How common, but how erroneous this! Man is but man. He is not a demi-god; not an angel. He can not be any thing but human. It is our honor to be men—to be any thing less is our disgrace. Be men—be Christian men. The proud and the mighty of the earth have often acted as if they were super-human; but Jehovah has rebuked them in his anger, and taught them that they were but men. Christianity gives us the true idea of humanity. Only let its light enter the mind, and the consciousness of true manhood will be realized.

III. CHRISTIANITY TEACHES THAT ALL MEN, INDEPENDENT OF CIRCUMSTANCES, ARE EQUAL. The brother of low degree and the rich are one in every thing which constitutes man. They are one physically. Gen. iii, 20; x, 32; Acts xvii, 26. Among all tribes we find reason and speech; the same internal feelings, appetites, aversions, convictions; the same laws of health, sickness, enjoyments, disappointments, and death.

"Pierce my vein,  
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,  
And catch it, and apply thy glass,  
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood  
Congenial with thine own; and, if it be,  
What edge of subtilty canst thou suppose  
Keen enough, wise and skillful as thou art,  
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which  
Our common Maker bound me to the kind?"

They are one morally. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." All are sinners by nature and by practice—there is no difference. Meet man where you may, he has the common marks of sin. There is no exception. Our common depravity proves the oneness of the race.

IV. CHRISTIANITY TEACHES THAT MAN IS THE SUBJECT OF GREAT VICISSITUDE. The poor are exalted, the rich brought low. The rich often become poor, and the poor rich. If not so, the evils of casteism, exclusivism, etc., would be forever perpetuated and augmented a thousand-fold. That riches are not of human, but of Divine disposal. "Man proposes, but God disposes." "The lot is cast into the lap," etc. "Riches make to themselves wings," etc. 1 Sam. ii, 1-10; Luke i, 46-54. There is no favoritism with God, the Great Father. The only test of Divine approval or disapproval is moral character. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man," etc. Jer. ix, 23, 24.

V. CHRISTIANITY TEACHES THAT THE EXALTATION OF THE POOR AND THE HUMILIATION OF THE RICH ARE SOURCES OF REJOICING. They now see their nature in the light of Christianity. Their errors are corrected; they now think of themselves as they ought to think; they now behold their equality with each other. Between them there is no feeling of superiority and inferiority. They rejoice in their common brotherhood and oneness. Their faith is tested. Which is the greater trial of the two—the exaltation of the brother of low degree, or the humiliation of the rich—is hard to say. It is well when the brother of low degree, who is exalted, is not elated above measure; and the brother of high degree, when he is made low, that he is not led to think his position beneath him. "Let

both rejoice in their temptation, trials," etc. James i, 2-12. Men rejoice because of their common brotherhood—their self-knowledge and estimation, their Christianity and the commonness of their salvation. They are one in Christ Jesus. They are "children of God"—"heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."

Christians! let us rejoice in the brotherhood of the race and in the glorious light of Christianity. Exercise philanthropy to all men. Let not circumstances lead us to despise or think lightly of any man. Let us not admire men so much for their gold and silver, learning, and social and political influence, as for their God-likeness. Let character, purity, goodness, be with us as it is with God—all-important. Let us ever remember, that the strength and glory of humanity consist in its union with Immanuel!

THE SERPENT'S SKIN.—"*That ye put off . . . the old man, which is corrupt.*" Eph. iv, 22.

As he walked through a thicket, Gotthold found a serpent's skin so entire, that he could distinctly mark the head and eyes. This reminded him of the words of a great wit: When I see one who is rich and ungodly frequently changing his apparel, it reminds me of the serpents, which cast their skins, but nevertheless continue serpents still. Afterward he mused as follows: This venomous and hateful reptile annually strips off its old coat, thereby renovating its nature and repairing its strength. Why, then, should not we endeavor to put off the old man, and be renewed in the spirit of our mind; and put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness? Eph. iv, 22, 23, 24. Alas, my God! this is a work too difficult for myself; and unless thy helping hand strip off the old integument of sin, and thy grace and Spirit renew my nature, all my own efforts will be vain. I know that the serpent does not lose its skin till it force its way through some strait aperture; and just as little can I be renewed without trouble and sorrow, crosses and hardship. But what of that, provided these make me better and more pleasing to thee! Painfully was I born into this world, and not without pain can I be born into heaven. Create in me, therefore, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li, 10.

THE TREMBLING POPLAR, AN EMBLEM OF THE SINNER'S SOUL UNREST.—"*The wicked man trembleth all his days.*" Job xv, 20, *Luther's version.*

There is a species of poplar whose leaves have long and slender stalks, and are, therefore, often rustled by a breeze too faint to stir the foliage of the other trees. Noticing the fact one day, when there was scarce a breath of air, Gotthold thought with himself: This tree is the emblem of a man with a wounded and uneasy conscience, which takes alarm at the most trifling cause, and agitates him to such a pitch that he knows not whither to fly. The wicked man trembleth all his days, saith the Scripture: a dreadful sound is in his ears; and though there be peace, he feareth that the destroyer shall come upon him, and that he shall not escape misfortune. The Jews tell us of Cain, when sojourning in the land of Nod—which is the land of motion—that wherever he trode, the earth quaked beneath his feet as if unwilling to bear the fratricide. Be that as it may, it is at least certain that he who

has a troubled conscience can find rest no where. The threat pronounced by God upon the evil-doer is fulfilled in him—Deut. xxviii, 65: "Thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind. It is a sore calamity and distress when, from age, sickness, or accident, we are afflicted with a trembling of the head or limbs; but it is far worse when a troubled conscience makes the heart within us quake like an aspen leaf."

Merciful God, help me, by thy grace, never to do what my conscience forbids. Sin may be pleasant to swallow, but bitter is the pain with which it afterward wrings the bosom. Not all the world, with all its wealth and honor, pleasures and consolations, can soothe or tranquilize it. Rest for the soul flows from no other source than the wounds of Jesus.

GOD'S EYES UPON OUR WAYS.—"*Mine eyes are upon all their ways.*" Jeremiah xvi, 17.

One of the heathen philosophers recommended it to his pupils, as the best means to induce and enable them to behave worthily, to imagine that some very distinguished character was always looking upon them. But what was the eye of a Cato to the eye of God? Who would not approve themselves unto him? The celebrated Linnaeus had the following inscription placed over the door of the hall in which he gave his lectures: "Live guiltless—God observes you."

KING PHILIP, OR THE PRINT OF THE BODY IN THE SAND.—"*Though their terror was caused in the land of the living, yet have they borne their shame with them that go down to the pit: he is put in the midst of them that be slain.*" Ezek. xxxii, 25.

Philip, King of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world while we are living!"

FEEDING THE FLOCK UPON FLOWERS.—"*I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding.*" Jer. iii, 15.

The late Rev. Robert Hall, of Bristol, was once asked what he thought of a sermon which had been delivered by a proverbially fine preacher, and which had seemed to excite a great sensation among the congregation: "Very fine, sir," he replied, "but a man can not feed upon flowers."

MEMORY IN HELL.—"*I am tormented in this flame.*" Luke xvi, 24.

Among the lost, perhaps there is no torment greater than the recollection of wasted opportunities and misspent moments.

"I'll tell thee what is hell—thy memory,  
Still mountained up with records of the past,  
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,  
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,  
And hope, and peace, and love; recording, too,  
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs  
Worked upon weakness and defenselessness;  
*Its best occasions trifled o'er or spurned;*  
All that hath been, that ought not to have been,  
That might have been so different, that now  
Can not but be irrevocably past."

## Tea and Curries.

TO COTTON TO.—"This is a cant phrase," says Ogilvie, "signifying to take a liking to one, to fancy him; literally, to stick to him, as cotton does to clothes." The phrase is not noticed by Bartlett in his *Americanisms*, second edition, 1859. To cotton, in old English, meant to prosper, to succeed, to answer. "It will not cotton," *Almanack*, 1615. (Wright.) Yet neither of these explanations, we think, will fully account for the meaning of the phrase "to cotton to," as it is now used vernacularly among ourselves. To cotton to any one signifies to flatter, to cajole him, to curry favor by subservency. Is it not to *ko-ton* to him? The *ko-ton*, *ko-ton*, or *ko-ton*, is the reverence regularly rendered to the Emperor of China by his own vassals, and earnestly solicited from European envoys and ambassadors. Bow nine times to the earth, and each time knock heads. Some have declined the ceremony. Others, though little they gained, have *ko-ton'd* to the celestial autocrat, *Anglice*, they *cottoned* to him.

BOOK THIEF RHYMES.—The following charm against book stealers, which I picked up some time since, is so awfully practical, that I think it will come much nearer to the "business and bosoms" of your readers, than any appeal to a remoter power, however inexorable:

"*Si quisquis furetor*  
This little Libellum  
*Per Phœbum, per Jovem,*  
I'll kill him—I'll tell him—  
*In centum illis*  
I'll stick my scaphellum,  
And teach him to steal  
My little Libellum."

D. A.

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, AND THE NELSONS.—A correspondent of the London Times gives the following items relative to the locality mentioned:

The most stately building of Yorktown belonged to the Nelson family. It is a substantial good old brick house, which looks yet comfortable, old as it is. On one side you still see many traces of gunshots from the first siege. One of the shots passed through the wall, and went through several rooms full of people without hurting one of them.

Strolling around the wooden church, some grave-stones indicated that there was a church-yard. It looked desolate and wretched. Some of the crosses were torn down, the graves leveled, and wagons and carts going over them. If you can find nothing else to tell you the history of a place, the church-yard will give you at least some glimpses of the past, and I began to read the inscriptions on the few graves which had not been demolished. The oldest I saw was that of Thomas Nelson:

"Generosi filius Hugonis et Sarie Nelson de Penrith, in comitatu Cumbrie, natus 20mo die Feb. A. D. 1677."

He died in 1745. His tombstone is headed by his arms, bearing a bar and three lilies. A few paces from this grave is the tomb of another Nelson:

"Hon. William Nelson, Esq., late President of His

Majesty's Council in this dominion, in whom the love of man and the love of God so restrained and enforced each other, and so invigorated the mental power in general, as not only to defend him from the vices and follies of his age and country, but also to render it a matter of difficult decision in what part of laudable conduct he most excelled, whether in tender or endearing accomplishments of domestic life, or in the more arduous duties of a wider circuit; whether as a neighbor, a gentleman, or a magistrate; whether in the graces of hospitality or piety. Reader, if you feel the spirit of that exalted ardor which, aspiring to the felicity of conscious virtue, animated that . . . relating . . . ine admonitions, perform the task and respect the distinction of the righteous man. Ob. 19th Nov., An. Dom. 1772, Ætatis 61."

On another gravestone I found—

"Here lieth interred the body of Mary Sansum, who departed life the 23d of Oct., 1785, aged 23 years."

And on another—

"Here lieth the body of Jane Frank, the daughter of Mr. Wm. Routh, of Kirklington, in Yorkshire. She died on her passage at sea April 26, and was interred May 28, 1753, aged 28 years."

DID THE ROMANS WEAR POCKETS?—It appears from Dr. Adam's Roman Antiquities, that in the earliest times of Rome, part of the "toga" was drawn up and thrown back over the left shoulder, and thus formed what was called *sinus*, a fold or cavity upon the breast, "in which things might be carried." In later times there was worn below the toga a white woollen vest called "tunica," fastened by a girdle or belt about the waist to keep it tight, "which also served as a purse in which they kept their money." G.

JERUSALEM CHAMBER.—In Shakespeare's play of Henry IV, Part II, A. iv, 4, occurs the following passage:

"*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?  
"*War.* 'T is called Jerusalem, my noble lord.  
"*K. Hen.* Land be to Heaven!—even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land;  
But, bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

Does the chamber derive its origin from the incident here recorded, the Earl of Warwick framing his answer so as to prepare the King for his approaching end? or had the Jerusalem Chamber been previously so called? if so, from what did it take its name? Where may I find any mention of this? F. PHILLOTT.

[For an interesting paper on the Jerusalem Chamber, by the Rev. Thomas Hugo, M. A., F. S. A., see the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1861, p. 1. There was probably a Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey erected by Henry III, for the "Continuator" of *Historie Croylandensis* states, that "the King, relying upon a deceptive prophecy, proposed to set out for the



Holy City of Jerusalem; but, falling into mortal sickness, died at Westminster, in a certain chamber called of *old time* Jerusalem, and so fulfilled the vain prediction." Mr. Hugo conjectures that the first Jerusalem Chamber was furnished with decorations from subjects in the Gospel narrative painted upon its walls, and hence obtained its characteristic title.]

*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

**SPACE UNCREATED.**—In answer to the query published in the September number, whether space is created and limited, or uncreated and illimitable, I would say that it is uncreated and without limit. It is an attribute of God, and can not be bounded by finite dimensions, for which reason it is named infinity. None of the attributes of God, being his essential characteristics, can be created; neither can they be limited. God is perfect in all his parts, and perfection signifies the completeness of every characteristic or attribute—eternity, infinity, and the power to fill both. S.

**SUN-DIAL MOTTO.**—The following sun-dial motto is given in Cyrus Redding's *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal*.

"Hæc, dies, et vita fugiunt, manet unica virtus."  
 "Once at a potent leader's voice I staid;  
 Once I went back when a good monarch prayed;  
 Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,  
 The flying shadow will return no more!"

**CURIOUS REMAINS AT POMPEII.**—An interesting discovery has recently been made at Pompeii. In one of the rooms of a house was found a heap of silver and copper coins, five hundred or more in number, which had been tied up in a bag. At the same time, and near the same spot, were found two large shears, and a house-mill of the ordinary description, together with a little heap of corn, the grains, though somewhat shriveled, fully preserving their shape and but little diminished in size. On the next morning the exertions of the excavators were rewarded by the discovery of an oven, the mouth of which was closed by a large iron door. On opening the door, there came to view the entire batch of loaves, such as they were deposited in the oven seventeen hundred and eighty-three years ago. They were eighty-two in number, and in all characteristics, except weight and color, precisely as they came from the baker's hand. Previous to this time, but two loaves had been discovered. These loaves are circular, about nine inches in diameter, rather flat and indented, evidently with the elbow, in the center; but they are slightly raised at the sides, and divided by deep lines radiating from the center into eight segments. They are of a deep brown color, and hard, but exceedingly light. The scoop with which the loaves were placed in the oven was also discovered.

**A QUEER SERMON.**—The following quotation from a well-known sermon by J. Burgess, entitled, "*Beelzebub Driving and Drowning his Hogs*," is given in the *Eclectic Magazine*:

In these words the devil verified three old English proverbs, which, as they contain the general drift of my text, shall also contain the substance of this ensuing discourse.

1. The devil will play at a small game rather than at no game at all. "All the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine."

2. They run fast whom the devil drives. "When the unclean spirits entered into the swine," 't is said "the whole herd ran violently."

3. The devil brings his pigs to a fine market. "Behold the whole herd ran down a steep place and were choked."

**THE WORD CYTRYNE, AS USED BY CHAUCER.**—What is the exact meaning of the word "cytryne" as used in the *Canterbury Tales*? The passage to which I allude is in the *Knight's Tale* commencing with line 2158. In describing "the great Emetreus" the poet says "his eyen were cytryne." The Glossary to Giry's edition explains citrine to mean lemon or citron color, from the Latin *citrinus*, but this is not sufficiently definite for my purpose. What color did Chaucer intend the king's eyes to be? Was the prevailing hue to be yellow or green? What reasons or authorities are there for either opinion?

W. W.

["Cytryne," or "citrine," is undoubtedly rendered "lemon" or "yellow" in the Glossaries, and "citrine ointment" still stands as the name of a yellow unguent, which, when properly made, resembles the well-known "golden ointment." It may be deemed strange that the poet should have given Emetreus yellow eyes; but it was clearly the poet's intention to depict "the kyng of Ynde" as a man of strange aspect. Witness the two following lines:

"A few freknes in his face y-spreynd,  
 Betwixt yelwe and sundel blak y-meynd."

A critical friend, however, who considers yellow eyes more out of the question than even yellow spectacles, suggests that the term citrine is intended to express form rather than color. As we say almond eyes, meaning long eyes of a peculiar form; and again, gooseberry eyes; that is, eyes round and protuberant; so the poet, to describe elliptical or oval eyes, might say citrine-eyes—equivalent to citron-eyes, or more probably lemon-eyes—referring to form only, not to color. We hazard a third conjecture. In romance, *citrin* sometimes stood for the color which the French call *roux*—a reddish brown. Can Chaucer possibly have meant hazel eyes?—*Eng. Notes and Queries.*

**DAYS MARKED WITH A WHITE STONE.**—Applied to days of pleasure and happiness, which are treasured in the memory. *Origin*: The Romans used a white stone, or Cretan chalk, to mark their lucky days on the calendar; and charcoal, to mark those considered unlucky.

**SHIP OF THE DESERT.**—A figurative appellation for the camel. *Origin*: The excellence of the camel as a beast of burden, the number of miles it can journey without fatigue, the fewness of its wants, and the long period it can exist without nourishment, justify the poetical idea of regarding camels as ships; the long tracts of desert they traverse being figuratively termed seas.

**SAINT CRISPIN.**—A name applied to a shoemaker. *Origin*: Saint Crispin was a shoemaker; and, consequently, was chosen by the craft as their patron saint. It is related that he came from Rome to preach at Soissons, in France, toward the middle of the third century, and that it was his practice, after occupying the day by preaching, to work during the night, by making shoes.

## Story-teller for Children.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS.—MR. CURLY, THE TRAVELLED EEL.—“Is that you, Mr. Curly? How well you look! I should scarcely have known you, you are so grown. What a long time you have been away!” said a large old eel to a fine, fat, handsome young eel, who just then swam into a snug nook of the River Severn.

“I have, indeed,” replied the new arrival, “been a great while from home, and I have been very far also.”

“Where have you been?” asked another of the same family. “What made you leave us? Tell us all you have seen.”

“Ah, do,” said a merry little twisting thing, as she curled herself up in the mud: “it is a nice warm day, and we can enjoy ourselves close to this bank while you talk to us.”

Mr. Curly, thus asked, although he did not like to talk too much of himself, began by saying, “You know the shocking end of my poor mamma?”

“No,” said the others, all at one time; “what happened to her?”

“She and I were lying, one day, not far from the shore, in company with several others, just beyond this spot, and on our way out of the river. My mamma was just telling me what I should see when I got out into the big water, when a great shining thing, divided into several places, came down just over our heads. As it passed us, these places opened, and several eels were caught between them, and then it was suddenly taken up again. Among these was my poor mamma; and I shall never forget seeing her twist herself about as she mounted into the air. I can not bear to think of it even now,” and here poor Mr. Curly hid his eyes in the mud for a minute, and the rest did not attempt to speak. He raised his head, and then went on to say, that he never saw his mother again, and he was so frightened and distressed, that he could not remain any longer in the river, but went as fast as he could into the great ocean.

“I was restless,” continued he, “and did not like to stay with the other eels, some of whom I knew, and others whom I did not, and I wished to travel; so I went off quite alone. Now, as I never learned geography, I can not tell you where I have been, but it was a great many miles away, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, sometimes slanting and sometimes straightforward, just as I fancied; and I have seen some very extraordinary things, and very odd creatures, and had many narrow escapes.”

“Make haste, then, and tell us all about them,” said a little lady eel, who was rather impatient.

“At first,” continued Mr. Curly, “I thought I should see more if I went very deep indeed into the sea; so I tried, but I found I could not breathe there. It seemed as if the hole under my fin could not open, on account of the weight of the water; so I chiefly kept at a certain distance from the top. I met with very curious creatures, which were not fishes, and had very odd shapes; sometimes they looked like little pieces of skin, and then they filled themselves with water, and swam about like balls.\* One sort in particular, of which there were a great number in one or two places which I passed, had several strings hanging from them, and used to get on the top of the water, blow themselves out, and when I peeped my head up to see how they looked, the water was covered with blue and pink bladders, tossing about on the top of the waves.† When a great wind came, they emptied themselves, and sank down again. Sometimes I saw a fish with such large, round eyes, that I was quite put out of countenance;‡ and then another with such a large mouth, that when it snapped at me, I thought I must have been swallowed; but being very nimble I managed to get away.”§

“What did you live upon all this time?” said one of the listeners to Mr. Curly’s history of his travels.

“I found a great many little creatures in the water which were good to eat,” replied he, “and bits of dead fishes, which I liked very much; and what was very curious, a great many of these little animals, and the bits of dead fishes, used often to shine at night; so much so, that you might have fancied the sea on fire. When I had been a long time out, I came to a quantity of weed which had little round berries on it, and it was so thick in some places that I could not get away from it, and I was carried very far by it.¶ All this while the water was quite warm, and it rested me to be borne along. At last it became thinner, and as I swam away from it I found the sea very smooth and clear, and there I generally met with very large creatures. One which I recollect was enormous, rather flat, and of a three-sided shape. From it came some very long arms, each having a claw at the end, and I never saw any thing so horrid. It tried to hold me in one of its arms, but I slipped away. It had also a bunch of long, fleshy strips on its head, with holes all along them, made for sucking; and it would have made nothing of sucking me up in a minute. I once saw one of them try to pull a small boat down. I swam away as fast as I could; but before I was very far off, I heard some other great creature attack it, and then the sea became all black, and I am very sure the black stuff came out of the three-sided monster.”‡

“What very wonderful things you are telling us,” said a quiet little eel, who had been very attentive, and had not spoken a word all this time; “I hope you are speaking the truth.”

“Indeed I am,” answered Mr. Curly; “true histories are much more wonderful than any thing which I could make up.”

“Did you meet with any sharks?” continued the sedate eel.

“Yes, many. I saw one very much tormented by a number of sucking-fish, who had stuck themselves upon him, and he plunged and leaped out of the water, and flapped his tail about, but they had so fastened upon him, that he could not get rid of them. When I looked at his jaws and teeth as I swam under him, I could scarcely pry him, he must have devoured so much; but you know we must all live. There was another sort of shark, with its head very much like the tool with which Will Jackson used to make such a noise, knocking nails into his boat, and which once dropped into the water. This shark had an eye on each side, and I used to think that he could take two things at once, but that could not be.”§

“I suppose you saw some large whales?” said a grave old eel; “though they are not fishes.”

“Certainly, a great many; and you should hear the noise which they make when they leap out of the water and plump down again, in play. I was once sucked into the mouth of a whale, as I was swimming with some small fishes on the top of the water, and I was very near getting into his stomach; but when I found where I was going I kicked so hard, and twisted myself about at such a rate, that he sent all the water out again in a great hurry, and me along with it; when I hurried off, and took good care never to go near a whale again.”

“Sometimes a ship passed over me, and not only made the water dark, but for a time I and others were carried along by the bustle which she made in the water. Once a dead body was thrown out from one of those ships, and immediately the sharks swam round it, hoping to feed upon it;

\* Jelly Fishes. † Portuguese men-of-war. ‡ Prædonatus. § Baudroie.

\* Gulf Weed.

† Cuttle-fish.

‡ Hammer-headed Shark.

but I could not bear to see them, and left them to their horrid feast.

"There were some fishes very like myself in shape, near the shore; but they had such a wicked look that I did not wish to make their acquaintance.\* Once I got among islands, and then I saw snakes, some of which were very large. I did not admire their faces at all, so I let them pass by without a word."

"Did you not make any friends among all the strangers whom you saw?" asked a listener.

"I did not stay long enough in one place to be very intimate with any of them," answered Mr. Curly. "Generally speaking the fishes were very civil to me, and there was plenty of room for us all, so that we were not obliged to come in each other's way. There was a very spiteful sword-fish who went about looking for whales, and his delight was to stab them with the long sword which grew out of his nose; but I was fortunately too small for his notice."

"In the warm seas were some fishes, with shreds sticking out of them, of different shapes and sizes, and of the most beautiful colors, chiefly scarlet.† But I am afraid of tiring you by talking so entirely of the water, and I will now mention something belonging to the land, which surprised me more than any thing else. I was rather tired of always roaming about, and in order to rest myself for a little while, I went up a river, and chose a nice place where I could remain for some time, there being plenty of food and a quantity of soft mud to lie in under the roots of trees. Occasionally I stretched myself out on these roots, where the water every now and then flowed over me and kept me cool. I was fast asleep in the sun one day, when I was awake by something which passed over my body, pricking me as it went along. I raised my head and saw it was a walking fish."

"A walking fish!" exclaimed all Mr. Curly's listeners at once.

"Yes, my good friends," returned he, "a walking fish.‡ More of the same kind came after him, probably mistaking me for a root, and they not only walked on their fins, but climbed the trees. I never was so astonished in my life. I could not be mistaken; I saw them go up and come down again several times as plainly as I see you. But I have yet another wonderful thing to describe. It was so very hot in one place where I was, that the water was quite disagreeable, and on creeping into a very shady spot to shelter myself, I actually saw two fishes making a nest of weed and stones.¶ With these I really did form a friendship, they were such good people, and staid with them some time, during which the eggs were laid in that nest, and the father and mother fishes watched till the little fishes came out of them; and when they were big enough, they swam away with them. I asked them if they had learnt to do this from birds; but they replied that they did not know any thing about birds, except those who came with their long legs into the water, and often snapped them up with their great beaks, especially their young ones, which made them anxious to get away into bigger water as soon as they were old enough to bear the journey."

"I do not know how long I should have staid in this place, had I not been frightened from it by a narrow escape for my life. I was gayly tumbling about in the water one evening, thinking that I might perhaps spend the rest of my days there, when I heard a tremendous noise behind me; it was like the clapping of two great boat-hooks together, and I was making off, when I found myself held fast by the tail. I turned round and saw a fierce creature; and his shape I afterward found—for I was at the time too frightened to see him clearly—just like those long-tailed creatures with legs which we see here in England among the grass by the sides of ponds, only he was a thousand times bigger, was covered with scales, and had large teeth.‡"

"How did you get away?" asked the gay little eel.

"I pulled and pulled, and at last dragged myself away; but I left the tip of my tail in his horrid mouth, as you

may see; and I have never been able to swim so well since." So saying, Mr. Curly turned the end of his tail to the eyes of his friends, who saw the scar, and pitied and wondrous at him.

Mr. Curly then went on thus with his story: "To tell you the truth, this tired me of traveling, and I felt, after such an accident, I should never again be able to do as I had done; so I determined to get back to dear England as fast as I could, and finding the river where I was born, see my old friends once more."

"On my way home, I of course met with many other fishes, among which were some who had no heads, others appeared to be all head,§ and some had heads like cats."¶

"I never saw a cat," said the young eels.

"I have," said a much older eel. "One time, when I was crossing a field to get to a pond, I saw a creature catch a bird, and when I described it to my father, he told me it must be a cat; but go on, Mr. Curly."

"One fish," continued the traveler, "was covered all over with spines; and when I went near him, I suppose he thought that I was going to attack him, for he swelled himself out into a ball, stuck every spine straight out, and floated on his back; and he might be very sure neither I nor any other would dare to swallow him."‡

"How did you find your way home?" asked the first speaker.

"I was rather puzzled," replied Mr. Curly; "but I recollected that when I left my own country I seemed to go toward the sun; and so, I thought, if I left the sun behind me I should be in the right path. Thus, although I went from side to side very often, I at last reached our own seas; and right glad was I to meet the fat old turbot, the steady soles, the bright-green mackerel, and the crabs and the lobsters; it seemed as if I knew them all."

"I was sure I had come to my own river, for I knocked up against one of those large round creatures, with holes in their necks, and round mouths, which they fasten upon you, and suck you all to pieces.¶ I, however, darted away, and here I am, safe and sound, with the exception of my tail, which I hope you will excuse."

All the eels welcomed the traveler back again, thanked him for telling them his history, and hoped he would settle among them for the rest of his life.

**TEETH IN HIS TOES.**—A little three-year-old of our acquaintance, while playing with a dog, discovered for the first time that the animal had claws, whereupon he ran into the house, exclaiming with open-eyed wonder, "O, mother, Fido has got teeth in his toes!"

**FORGOT WHAT HE WAS CRYING ABOUT.**—A little fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment—the train of thought was broken. "Ma," said he, renewing his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

#### RIDDLES.—

##### I.

We are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features:  
One of us in glass is set;  
One of us you'll find in jet;  
One of us is set in tin;  
And the fourth a box within:  
If the last you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

##### II.

My body is quite thin,  
And has nothing within,  
Neither have I head, face, or eye  
Yet a tail I have got  
Full as long as—what not?  
And up without wings, I can fly.

\* Murena. † Scorpæna. ‡ Anabas. § Dorsa. ¶ Alligator.

\* Lump Fishes. † Silurus. ‡ Diabolon. § Lamprey.



## Winter Trainings.

**ABORTIVENESS OF HUMAN METHODS OF REFORM.**—Professor Espy's theory of the circular currents of winds reminds one of the endless gyrations and perpetual abortiveness of mere human reforms. McCosh quotes from Coleridge a fine illustration of this idea:

When some one was enlarging to Coleridge on the tendency for good of some scheme which was expected to regenerate the world, the poet flung up into the air the down of a thistle which grew by the roadside, and went on to say, "The tendency of that thistle is toward China, but I know, with assured certainty, it will never get there; nay, it is more than probable that, after sundry eddyings and gyrations up and down, backward and forward, it will be found somewhere near the place in which it grew."

**TRIBUTE TO SIMPLE PIETY.**—As Rousseau once paid the most exalted tribute to the Bible, so Carlyle pays the most exalted tribute to that simple piety which is the purest and best illustration of the Bible. Rousseau, however, has the advantage of Carlyle. His theme of eulogy has an admitted existence; Carlyle seems to doubt whether the existence of his is any thing more than ideal:

Sublimar in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

**COMING OF SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.**—The coming and going of the thoughts of the mind, the mysterious manner in which they sometimes break in upon us, fill us with inquiring wonder. But when we ascend to the spiritual, how greatly is that wonder increased:

Often deep spiritual impressions come most unexpectedly. It is night: the toils of the day are over, and the man has retired to rest. All is dark, lonely, and silent around him; the doors are fastened, and, with conscious security, he sinks into repose. But, see! a vision approaches; it halts right before his eyes; it illumines midnight with its brightness; it breaks the silence with its voice, and delivers a message from the Everlasting. What a symbol is this of a spiritual thought! It often comes into the chamber of a man's soul at night on his bed, breaks his slumbers, and shakes his spirit to its center. Nothing can exclude it—no walls, gates, bolts, nor locks can shut out a thought. He who made the mind knows its every avenue, and can reach it wherever and however he please.

**THE SOUL'S TENEMENT, OR THE REALITY OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.**—The present life has been called "a temporary separation from a conscious existence in the spiritual world." In fact, the physical so predominates in our consciousness of life, that we too often grope in darkness in our search for the spiritual:

We are in the great universe of spirits now, but we are not conscious of the fact. This body is spoken of as a "house." Though wondrously and intimately associated with my conscious being, it is not me, but mine—my dwelling, not myself. As the tenant is independent of his house—can live, though he leave it, or though it fall to ruins—so I myself am distinct from this body, and shall live after it has crumbled into dust. Death is but the tenant changing apartments. Our present apartments, constructed of gross

matter, partition us not from the spiritual world—for we are of it, and in it we ever live, as in an atmosphere—but from the consciousness of it. The partition, however, will soon be taken down, and then spirit will be more real to us than matter is now.

**HOW OUR DEPARTURE FROM THE WORLD WILL BE REGARDED.**—Such a picture as this below is not flattering to our pride or vanity, but is sadly truthful, and it will not harm us to look upon it:

Our departure from this world, however active our lives or influential our positions, will not awaken much attention among the men we leave behind. "We perish forever without any regarding it." My proud friend, whatever thou mayest think about the wondrous esteem in which thou art held by thy compeers, and of the importance of thy life to society, though thou art a merchant whose vast transactions influence the markets of the world, or a statesman whose speeches control the doings and destinies of cabinets, or, what is greater still, a writer moving the minds of the millions, but few of the men that know thee will pause in their business to think of thy death, and fewer still will drop a tear on thy grave. The sorrow of those that love thee most will be but as a cloud upon the sky, however dark for the moment, soon dispersed. In a few short days after the earth has closed on thy remains, thy very children shall gambol on the hearth, with their little hearts as gladsome as ever; and the convivial laugh and jest of domestic joy will be heard as usual in thy dwelling. The world can do without thee, my friend; every thing will progress as usual when thou art in thy grave. Thy death will be but a blade withered in the fields; the landscape can spare thee—a drop exhaled from the ocean; the mountain billows will not miss thee.

**THE SOUL'S CAPACITY AND LONGING FOR GROWTH.**—The soul's capacity for growth and its yearning for something higher are themes often discoursed upon, but they are oftener themes of deep and earnest thought. This paragraph from David Thomas is well expressed:

The soul has a capacity for indefinite growth. It is too often spoken of as if it were a vessel, which it is our duty to fill up with virtue and knowledge; or a block, which we have to mold into certain forms of grace and loveliness; or a soil, whose fallow ground we have to break up, and into whose bosom we have to deposit the seed of goodness and truth. Such views of the soul are so partial as frequently to give a wrong idea of its nature. If the spiritual existence is to be represented by material objects, I select the seed as the fairest type. It contains the germs of all that it will ever become.

"Lo! on each seed, within its slender rind,  
Life's golden threads in endless circles wind;  
Maze within maze the lucid webs are roll'd,  
And as they burst, the living flame unfold."

A comparison between barbarous hordes and civilized states—between Milton with his toy in the nursery, and the sightless bard thrilling the ages with his harp—furnishes obvious illustrations of man's capacity for growth. There is, however, one peculiarity in this spiritual growth. The individual germ of every other life exhausts itself in growing, but in growing, mind seems to increase its capacity for growth. The soul which reaches the highest point, however advanced in years, is the most Spring-like and youthful; the morning dew lies on its budding powers. Exhaustless are the germs within these breasts of ours—germs that shall appear in new

branches of vigor, new forms of beauty, and new clusters of fruit, as ages run their round. But in addition to this capacity for growth, there is, in our constitution, an innate and over-pulsing desire for it; men are no where satisfied with the point attained. The whole creation groweth and travaileth for a higher stage. The desire of the child to reach the stature of physical manhood but dimly shadows the impulse of the inner nature to ascend: it seeks to burst the shell, and spring into a life where it shall have a wider range, and play a nobler part.

**LET US SUPPRESS THE ABOLITIONISTS.**—We find occasionally some of the best things in Harper's Weekly. Here is something from the "Lounger," which we commend to certain ones who are rightly enough designated "slack-witted orators:"

"Let us suppress the abolitionists," cries some slack-witted orator, "and the rebellion will end!" Of course it will, you dear son; and if all your fellow-citizens had been of your caliber and kidney there would have been no rebellion at all. If Hampden and his friends had said, "Let us suppress these fellows who cry out against ship-money," England would have quietly submitted to the tyranny of the Stuarts. If Otis and Patrick Henry had shouted, "Hurrah for King George and the Stamp Act!" there would have been no bloody revolution. If Mirabeau and the French people had belowed, "Hurrah for starvation: aristocrats forever!" all the trouble in France would have speedily ended. To be sure every right would have been annihilated, every liberty destroyed, and a few rich and remorseless people would have governed France; but there would have been no difficulty, except moral rot and general national decay.

"Let us suppress the abolitionists!" But suppose you begin at the beginning. First subdue the common-sense of the people of the country, then you may subdue those who influence it. It is not what you call, with an amusing persistence, abolitionism which caused the war, but the opening of the eyes of the people so that they saw. The people of this country know perfectly well that slavery is at the bottom of this rebellion. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war; just as there would have been no abolitionism. The temperance movement springs from drunkenness; and when a drunken man tries to kill his wife, do n't you think that the fetotolaters are responsible for it?

Slavery was trying to kill the country. It had almost succeeded. "Watch! watch!" shouted the abolitionists. Slavery, maddened that its crime was discovered, shot and stabbed right and left. "There! there!" cry the sensible Wickliffe and Company, "this comes of calling the watch! Why can't you hold your tongue? Let us suppress these fellows that cry, Watch! watch! and all will be quiet again!"

Certainly a dead dog or a dead nation are both perfectly quiet. And a nation of freemen throttled, with its own consent, by a slave system like ours, is the deadiest and meanest of all dead dogs.

**A CONTROVERSY BETWEEN A PIN AND A NEEDLE.**—There is an excellent moral in the following bit of controversy said to have occurred one day between a pin and a needle:

A pin and a needle began neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head!"

"What's the use of your head," replied the needle very sharply, "if you have no eyes?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?"

"Because you always have a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head if you insult me again."

"I'll pull out your eye if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread round the neck of the pin, and attempted to sew with it; she soon pulled its head off, and threw it in the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle.

"How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers, till they lie in the dust together as we do!"

**NEARER HOME.**—A correspondent sends us this beautiful poem for our "Gleanings." We can not name the author. "Anon" is a mask:

One sweetly-solenn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I have ever before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving my cross,  
Nearer wearing my crown;

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dark and shadowy stream,  
That bursts at last into light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dark abyss;  
Closer death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrisn.

Savior, perfect my love!  
Strengthen the might of my faith;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death;

Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think.

**THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.**—The solid rock, which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn, received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops, from some mossy crevices among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul, and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home. "I would have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!'"

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical News.

**CANADA GENERAL CONFERENCE.**—The late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Canada adopted some important changes in the Discipline. One was the extension of the time of the pastorate to three years. Henceforth the Discipline will allow a preacher to remain three years on any circuit or station in the work, if the bishops and their advisers deem it necessary. Another change received the approval of Conference, allowing men and women to sit together in the churches where it is desired.

**CALIFORNIA SONG BIRDS.**—The *Tuolumne Courier* says: We have several species of the oriole or thrush, which abound in these mountain districts, that are pleasing songsters and of beautiful plumage. Some of them have the golden plumage of the canary, set off with streaks of black, white, and crimson. Another species is of a grayish brown color the male having the head, neck, and shoulders tinged with blood red. The male of this variety sings well.

**NEW IRON BRIDGE IN PORTUGAL.**—Railways are now being constructed upon a commendable scale in Portugal. A beautiful bridge crossing the River Tagus, on the Lisbon and Badajoz line of railroad, has lately been finished. It was constructed in eighteen months. It is formed entirely of iron, and it has sixteen openings, each of one hundred feet span. The piles on which the structure is placed are composed of two cylindrical iron tubes, five feet four inches in diameter, and they have been sunk at a distance of about six feet eight inches from each other. For the purpose of securing greater solidity and strength they are strongly bound together with iron-work. In two months locomotives will thus be enabled to cross the Tagus at a height of more than fifty feet above the ordinary level of the river.

**THE PEARL FISHERY OF PANAMA.**—The *Panama Bulletin* remarks: The Pearl Islands are situated about sixty miles from this city. The business is yearly increasing in importance, and to some of the more fortunate managers it is highly profitable. One or two of the enterprising merchants who are engaged in this business have perfected their arrangements to prosecute it on a more extensive scale than ever before. The submarine armor recently imported from London by Mr. Steffins is the most perfect apparatus of the kind ever used on the Pacific. We hope that in their submarine explorations of the "unfathomed caves" they may find many a gem.

**RICE IN HAWAII.**—One and a half pounds of South Carolina rice-seed, sent to Hawaii in 1860, were planted there August 11th; their produce, harvested December 29th, was forty pounds. Before the end of November, 1861, 3,800 pounds had been gathered, of the second crop; and it was estimated that by the end of August, 1862, more than a million pounds would have been harvested, all from that one and a half pounds.

**OHIO WOOL CROP.**—Wool men estimate the clip of the State of Ohio this year to be about 13,000,000 pounds, being 2,000,000 pounds greater than the clip of last year. Of this probably about three-fourths have been sold at prices averaging 48 cents, leaving the finer grades unsold. The sales of wool, with the transportation and incidental charges, will bring more than \$7,000,000 of gold currency into the State.

**LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.**—The value of labor-saving machinery at the present time is shown in the harvest fields. Such is the scarcity of laborers in the country, owing to volunteering for the war, that the harvest could not be gathered but for these machines, which are more in use than ever this season.

**RAILROADS IN INDIA.**—Twelve railroad lines are in progress in Hindoostan. Two of these are to be respectively 1,266 and 1,364 miles long. The whole twelve are to cost about \$277,000,000; of which amount over \$200,000,000 have already been raised in England and nearly \$4,000,000 in India. On three of these roads are already in operation, respectively, 272, 330, and 211 miles of railway.

**SAN FRANCISCO WATER-WORKS.**—Water is now introduced into San Francisco through an aqueduct extending to Lake Honda, a distance of some thirty-two miles. Through this flume, which is sixteen by thirty inches in its dimensions, water flows at the rate of three millions of gallons a day, but it is of sufficient capacity to pass six millions in the same time. The water is introduced into Lake Honda at an elevation of 360 feet above the level of the bay, and for some weeks will be employed in sluicing out the Lake and cleansing it to become the great reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company. It is estimated that the reservoir will hold one hundred million gallons.

We learn, says the *California Christian Advocate*, that the company are constructing another reservoir on the high ground near the Orphan Asylum, to connect by a flume with the Lake. The work will be completed in two months. The latter reservoir will be about two hundred feet higher than the level of Montgomery-street, so that the principal part of the city will be easily supplied with the Spring Valley water before the commencement of the ensuing season. As soon as the Lake reservoir is completed, pipes will be laid, conveying water to the higher portions of the city, direct from the Lake. The company can now furnish 30,000,000 gallons a day, and in a short time San Francisco will have superior facilities for obtaining the necessary element to any other city in the Union.

**ALGERINE COTTON.**—A French company has been formed in Paris, with a capital of £10,000, for the cultivation of cotton in Algeria. The company also propose to cultivate other crops, such as corn, olives, vines, tobacco, and flax; and will further breed cattle on a large scale, and will likewise propagate the rearing of silk-worms, cochineal, and other valuable produce.



The land proposed to be cultivated by the company comprises a surface of nearly 26,000 acres.

**THE BIBLE IN CHINESE.**—The translation of the whole Bible into the Chinese language was completed at Shanghai on the 27th of March, 1862, by Rev. M. Sampson Culbertson, D. D. The work was commenced March 17, 1851, by a committee of five, of whom the late Dr. Bridgman was one, who died in November last. The other three members of the committee retired from the work on account of ill health before the Pentateuch was finished. The work was then carried on by the other two till the death of Dr. Bridgman, when it fell upon Dr. Culbertson to conduct and finish it alone. The translation of the Word of God into a language spoken by three or four hundred millions of heathen, is a great event, even in these days of great and startling occurrences.

**PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA AND AFRICA.**—Eight hundred villages of the coolies of India publicly profess Christianity. Thousands are under religious instruction, and 20,000 have given up all connection with caste. The race numbers 5,000,000. The mission among them is sustained by evangelical persons in Germany. During the period of about thirty years over one hundred Christian Churches have been organized on the continent of Africa, embracing more than 15,000 hopeful converts. Connected with them are nearly two hundred schools, embracing 16,000 native youth, receiving a Christian education. Within the period of an average generation of men, more than twenty different dialects have been reduced to writing, in which the Bible and other religious books have been translated and printed; and it is believed that some knowledge of salvation by the Gospel has been brought within the reach of at least 5,000,000 of Africans.

**EDUCATION IN OREGON.**—The Oregon Conference has five academic institutions under its patronage—one, the Willamette University, with college corporate prerogatives and privileges. The entire population patronizing these schools is not equal to the population of San Francisco. In the same territory and for the same population there are one or more under Baptist patronage, two or more under Episcopalian, and one under Congregational, to say nothing of village academies, numerous select schools, and two or three schools under the control of the Roman Catholics.

**AMERICAN PETROLEUM** has been subjected to an examination by the superintendent and chemist of the committee for managing the London Fire Engine Establishment, with this result: That raw American petroleum is a very volatile and combustible liquid, and that if stored in a vault and leaked from the vessels containing it, it would form with the atmosphere an explosive mixture which would take fire at even a hundred feet from the package; in case of fire it would not mix with water, but would float upon it in a sheet of flame. The refined petroleum or astral oil, on the other hand, is not dangerous, unless the temperature of it rises to about ninety-five degrees above Fahrenheit.

**A SIGNIFICANT FACT.**—Prof. Henry, the renowned savan, and head of the Smithsonian Institute, testifies

that he knows but one man among the scientific men of the United States who is an infidel. This fact speaks volumes, and shows conclusively that the lights of science have any other tendency than to make men skeptical and unbelievers. It is usually your pretenders to scientific knowledge, or men wholly destitute of any scientific attainments, who disbelieve, or affect to do so. As a general remark, we think it will be found that a vast majority of them belong to the latter class—being wholly ignorant, or, what is worse, mere smatterers.

**A PRAYING MACHINE.**—In the Indian department of the great World Exhibition at London, is a red praying-wheel from Thibet. The prayer is written on a piece of paper and fixed to the wheel, which revolves on a spindle held in the hand. The idea of the worshiper is that every time the wheel turns the prayer is made. Frequently the wheel is fitted to be turned by a small stream. In the mountains of Thibet travelers see considerable numbers of these praying machines thus driven by water power.

**TOUCHING INCIDENT OF GENERAL SUMNER.**—A story is told of the veteran Sumner at the battle of Antietam. His son, young Captain Sumner, a youth of twenty-one, was on his staff. The old man calmly stood amid a storm of shot and shells, and turned to send him through a doubly-raging fire upon a mission of duty. He might never see his boy again, but his country claimed his life, and as he looked upon his young brow he grasped his hand, encircled him with his arm, and fondly kissed him. "Good-by, Sammy!" "Good-by, father!" and the youth, mounting his horse, rode gayly on his message. He returned unharmed, and again his hand was grasped with a cordial. "How d'ye do, Sammy?" answered by a grasp of equal affection. The scene was touching to those around.

**STATISTICS OF BRITISH METHODISM.**—The number of members and ministers in British Methodism, and in the various foreign and colonial Churches associated with it, are recapitulated in the subjoined table:

	Members.		On Trial.
1. British Conference:			
Great Britain	325,256		25,008
Ireland, and Irish Missions	22,741		728
Foreign Missions	38,340		5,175
2. French Conference	1,686		155
3. Australasian Conference	36,297		6,514
4. Canada Conference	50,341		4,064
5. East. British American Conference	15,389		1,448
Totals	519,969		43,632

The following is a summary of the ministers in the same Conferences:

	Ministers.	On Trial.	Superannuated.
Great Britain	940	258	170
Ireland	118	23	24
Foreign Missions	381	88	18
French Conference	22	3	3
Australasian	150	45	9
Canada	314	111	61
East. British America	86	40	13
Totals	2,011	568	298

**SALT LAKE.**—Another salt lake has been discovered in the American Desert, between the Carson and Humboldt Rivers. It is over three miles in circumference, has been sounded 1,500 feet without touching bottom, and is intensely salt—more than a third saltier than the famous Salt Lake in Utah. The water in it rises and falls two feet every day.

## Library Notices.

(1.) HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. *By* Thos. Carlyle. Vols. I, II, and III. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$1.25 per volume.—We confess to a certain liking for Carlyle. The sharp ring of his sentences, the abruptness, and the ease with which he slings his ideas directly at you, and even his sideways utterances—mysterious as oracular—make him an author who *will be heard*. The imitators of his style of thought and diction are often found among the eggings undergoing incubation in our schools. But a sorry work do they make of it. Some of them also get addled by his skepticism, or, as it may be more properly called, his credulity. Most of them, however, after being for a time the annoyance of professors and teachers, recover the sound intellectual life. No better evidence of a certain kind of *power* is needed. Carlyle's proper sphere is that of essayist. There he is surpassed by few. As historian he seems cramped; the dry run of facts annoys him; he seems impatient to get away, to run beyond, to take sideways excursions; and not infrequently from the stepping-stone of fact his imagination will take wing. Yet is he painstaking and laborious. He does not shrink from the drudgery of research. He gathers materials largely from various and diverse sources, sorts them well; puts them together with skill; tells what they mean. Frederick the Great was just such a character as would fire the genius of Carlyle. His "History" will be completed in one more volume; and it is safe to say, that much of the permanent fame of the author will rest upon it.

(2.) FIRST BOOK IN CHEMISTRY, for the Use of Schools and Families. *By* Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. Square 16mo. 231 pp. 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—The best notice that we can give this book, and that which will convey to our readers the clearest idea of its design and character, will be the transfer to our columns of an extract from the preface. This extract will be useful in another way. It exhibits a beautiful specimen of practical teaching in itself:

"The idea of this book was suggested by a lady, who is a stranger to me, in a letter, a portion of which I will quote here: 'I can not tell you how much pleasure I have had in teaching the Child's Book of Nature to my little daughter. In giving my own opinion of that work I am also expressing the opinion of several other mothers of my acquaintance, who agree with me in pronouncing it the very best book of the kind which we have ever found. It is so plain and simple in its arrangement that any child of common capacity can learn it with ease, and remember it well. The subjects upon which it treats are of a kind to interest all children, and the pleasant way in which you bring them forward is sure to awaken their powers of observation and comparison, and, better still, to lead them "through Nature up to Nature's God." It

seems to me that an elementary book on Chemistry, upon the same plan, would be interesting to children, especially if they could have some simple and safe experiments which they might try for themselves.'

"Soon after receiving this letter I put the matter to a test in the following manner. I selected a few of those school-rooms, in the public schools of New Haven, in which the scholars were from eleven to thirteen years of age. I visited these rooms from time to time, talking to the pupils for half an hour on chemistry, without trying any experiments, but illustrating the subject largely from common every day phenomena. At each visit I questioned them upon what I had told them at the previous visit and allowed them to ask me questions. In this way I found out what they could understand, and what they wanted to know about chemistry. I was surprised to see how much of this science was within the reach of their capacity, and, at the same time, could be made very interesting to them. During all this time I jotted down my results, and at length put them into the shape in which they now appear, so that the book was almost literally made in the school-room. I may add, that nearly the whole has been subjected to the examination of one of the teachers whose rooms I visited, a lady to whom I am indebted for many valuable suggestions."

(3.) THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD, showing Who Robbed Him, Who Helped Him, and Who Passed Him By. *By* W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Large 8vo. 267 pp., double columns. \$1.50.—"Thackeray's Abortions" have become a proverb. We presume, however, that, in the sense of coining money for the author, they are very far from being abortions. As a writer, Thackeray has the remarkable faculty of "making a little go a great way." The publishers, who are shrewd business men—none more so in the country—seem to comprehend that fact, and have adapted this volume to it. That is, as a sort of compensation for the multiplication of words, they have condensed them into the smallest possible space—giving us small type, solid, and the pages double column at that. This, however, will not prevent the admirers of Thackeray from devouring the book. We do not know but that it will be in place for us, here, to confess that we have fallen into the bad habit of not reading Thackeray any more.

(4.) QUACKENBOS'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR. 12mo. 288 pp. Muslin. 63 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—Two of Mr. Quackenbos's school-books—"First Lessons in Composition," and "Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric"—placed the author at once among our best school-book producers. The volume now presented to the public has some valuable characteristics; and others not so valuable. The author's treatment of the verb is after the old-fashioned sort, and distinctions without differ-

ence are sometimes made, as in the case of the participle. The technical grammar is too full for beginners; though there is an abundance of exercises—an excellent feature—and little attention is given to the general analysis of sentences.

(5.) *THE TAX-PAYER'S MANUAL*. 8vo. 36 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.—This pamphlet contains, in convenient form, the late acts of Congress imposing direct and excise taxes. It has also an analytical index showing all the items of taxation, the mode of proceeding, and the duties of the officers, etc. It is a convenient manual, needful for the "tax-payer" as well as the tax-gatherer.

(6.) *MARGUERITE; or, the Two Loves*. By Madame Emilie De Girardin. Translated from the French by J. Leander Starr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.

(7.) *THE GREAT SPECIFIC AGAINST DESPAIR OF PARDON*, is the title of a very able discourse preached before the Genesee Conference, by Rev. I. Chamberlayne, D. D., and published by the Methodist Book Concern in New York. The main positions of the discourse are, that the propitiatory death of Christ has respect: 1. To all mankind, without any exception of persons; 2. To personal offenses as well as to the original transgression; 3. To all the actual sins of the persons, as well as to all the persons of mankind. These points are elaborated with great force and conclusiveness. The author then proceeds to apply the great specific:

"On this ground, then, that Christ's death was propitiatory for all sinners, and consequently for every sinner; for all sins, and so for every sin—on this ground stands his advocacy. Having poured out his soul unto death for all transgression, he ever liveth to make intercession for all transgressors.

"If, then, to him who is conscious of sin, however reiterated and however flagrant, the fact of such an advocacy would, of itself, preclude despair of pardon; how absolutely competent to that end must be the Divine assurance, that his pardon is interceded for on the ground, that the Intercessor has paid for it—has paid for the pardon of all the actual sins of men—all that infinite Justice itself demanded?

"All, therefore, that any man need to know, who is willing to be saved, by fulfilling the conditions of the New Covenant; all he need to know, to shield him from the onset of Despair—the Fury with whip of scorpions, and the snakes of hell a-hissing in her hair; all he need to know is, that he answers this description—that he is a MAN, and that he has SINNED. These two points ascertained, the 'if' and the 'any' become indicative and definite, because he is a man, and because he has sinned. For 'if any man sin, we have; he has, all have, 'an advocate with the Father.'"

The above doctrine being sustained, he also infers that the good are not above, nor the bad below, probation in this life:

"We neither claim nor desire that the good should be reckoned above probation, till his earthly life is done. Struggling, as he is, in hazardous conflict with the Powers of Evil, neither his own interests, nor those of good morals and religion, allow that the issue of that conflict should be looked to as fixed and inevitable,

but as subject to moral conditions. On the demand of what interests, then, do we theorize the living wicked man below probation? If not for any personal or ethical reasons, is it from regard to the relation which justice holds to mercy in the great Remedial Scheme, that exceptions, denied to the latter, should be conceded to the former? On the freer scope of which of these Divine prerogatives do the Covenant of Grace and all human hope depend? In making justice more prominent, more active than mercy, do we not utterly reverse their true relation, as a thousand times declared in the tenor of the Sacred Records? If, with no preëxisting apprehensions, we were simply notified that some men's probation should be closed, not by death, but in the full flow of life—to what application of it would we be led by respect for God's character, the mission of his Son, the drift of his Word, and the interests of his earthly reign? Would not our first, because most obviously equitable, presumption be, that the intervention would be in favor of the good, leaving the economy of mercy undisturbed as regards the lapsed residue of the race?"

"But enough. The whole period of human life is a gracious probation; in every part of which, while the good may sin and be lost, the evil may repent and be saved."

"Not forgetful of what results from habits of sin, as involving a constantly-increasing insensibility, and a constant lessening of gracious power in the soul; we still say, that, to the finally incorrigible, death, and death alone, virtually as well as formally, closes probation, and opens retribution; for, till then, the possibility of recovery, however attenuated, still remains."

(8.) *THE MYSTERY, A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE*. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

(9.) *THE DOWNFALL OF ENGLAND, AND THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA*.—The former is a speech by George Francis Train; the latter a "political sermon" by Archbishop Hughes. They are published together in pamphlet form, by T. B. Peterson, and sold by Rickey & Carroll of this city.

(10.) *THE LONDON QUARTERLY* contains: 1. Memoirs of Sir Marc Isambard Brunel; 2. Sussex; 3. Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; 4. The Volunteers and National Defense; 5. English Poetry from Dryden to Cowper; 6. The International Exhibition; 7. The Hawaiian Islands; 8. The Bicentenary.

(11.) *BLACKWOOD*, for September, contains: Watering-Places; Shiraz to Bushire; Caxtoniana—Part VIII, No. XI, On the Distinction between Active Thought and Reverie—No. XII, On the Spirit in which New Theories should be Received; Chronicles of Carlisle—Salem Chapel, Part VIII; President Jefferson Davis; Pictures, British and Foreign—International Exhibition; Trollope's North America.

This number of Blackwood has two articles, fully equal to any that have gone before, showing how fully it is in league with the Southern conspirators in their conspiracy to break up the Republic. The one is a eulogistic sketch of Jefferson Davis; the other a condemnatory review of Trollope's North America.

For sale by G. N. Lewis, Cincinnati.



## Printer's Error.

THE COUNTRY.—In our last issue we sent forth an earnest, prayerful, almost agonizing appeal for a *right policy and earnest work* in putting down the rebellion. Before our editorial had reached our readers the President's Proclamation came, thrilling the hearts of twenty millions of freemen. This Proclamation may be briefly summed up as follows: It opens by declaring that hereafter, as heretofore, the object of the war will be the restoration of the authority of the Constitution. Then, after a few preliminaries, comes the gist of the Proclamation, which we here repeat: "That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, *shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free.* And the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and *will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.*" The President will, on the first of January, designate the States actually in rebellion, and the fact that any State shall then be fairly and legitimately represented in Congress shall be taken as evidence of its loyalty. He closes by calling general attention to certain acts of Congress relating to slavery; namely, the act providing a new Article of War prohibiting any military or naval officer from employing any of his forces to reclaim fugitive slaves; that section of the Confiscation act which enacts that all fugitive slaves of rebels coming within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from or deserted by rebels, shall be forever free; and these laws the President orders all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce.

There is one other line of policy we hope to see developed before long. We pray that it may precede the coming of these pages to our readers. That is, the policy of making war vigorously. Look at the past. What has been the management of the war? A contemporary gives the response, which is only too true. In the field great demonstrations and enormous expenditures of money and men; systematic avoidance of decisive strokes or movements, and of attacking weak points; discouragement of efficient commanders, retention of bad ones; neglect of loyalists; lenity to traitors. At home wastefulness and inopportunities in raising and spending money, in gathering and employing forces; neglect to repress or punish sympathizers with the enemy. We will not undertake to locate the blame. It may be an unavoidable result of the magnitude of the transaction and our inexperience as a nation, growing out of our long and happy exemption from war. But we think the time has come when men who are proverbial for inaction and for letting their opportunities slip—whether it results from

lack of heartiness of sympathy with the cause or from incompetency—should be made to give place to men of tried courage, activity and capacity. Thank God, there are such men in the army, and their patriotism and earnestness no one can doubt. To keep men in command whose great hosts have done nothing but crawl about or be driven about, wasting away under unnecessary labor, discouragement and sickness, and who, when forced into battle, have failed to seize and use the advantages gained, may be policy, but we can not see it. It has cost the lives of two hundred thousand men, untold millions of dollars, and bids fair to protract the war indefinitely. The retrospect of the management of the war is sad. We make no charges. We again repeat, it may have been a necessary result of our national inexperience and of the magnitude of the work. Yet it is impossible in glancing along the history of the war up to this time to avoid noticing the broad fact that, on the whole, the actual course of events has been like what would naturally have been arranged for the purpose of deluding and exhausting the North till it should be wearied and weakened into consenting to the success of the traitorous schemes of secession. And if well-meaning rulers have pursued a course which wears such a complexion, how tremendous the admonition to change it while the nation is yet alive! "The Proclamation" contains brave words nobly uttered. Let corresponding action follow, and the nation is safe.

REV. PELETIAH WARD.—We regret to chronicle the death of this gifted minister of Jesus Christ and heroic officer in the service of his country. He joined the New York Conference in 1846. After the battle of Bull Run in 1861, and when the nation seemed on the very brink of destruction, his heart was fired with a noble patriotism, and he eloquently pleaded the cause of his country. "Be our captain and we will enlist," said the men around him. "It is done," said he, and in ten days one hundred and thirty men had enrolled themselves in Captain Ward's company. He designed to go as chaplain of the regiment, but such was the attachment of his men to him, and such their confidence in his bravery and ability, that they unanimously demanded that he should be their leader. The result justified their confidence. He marched with them, shared all their hardships and perils, never leaving them even to visit his much-loved family.

The closing scene did honor to the Christian hero. On Saturday, August 30th, in one of the series of dreadful and disastrous battles under General Pope, he received a serious wound in the right arm by some fragment of a bursting shell. "Thus in part disabled, he retired a little and used his revolver as best he could with his left hand. Just now the 'dear old flag' seemed to waver, and was likely to fall in the dust. Such fatality had attended the standard bearer that for a moment none seemed willing to volunteer to



save it from disgrace. Captain Ward rushed to the rescue, and, waving the colors over his head, said, "Come on, my boys!" While so doing a Minie ball tore clear through his hips, making a wound an inch in diameter. He fell, but encouraged his men to hold their ground and not to mind him. They bore him off the field; but while so doing the bloodthirsty fiend, as if determined to make an end of so brave an opponent, directed a piece of shell that made a fearful wound across the small of his back. Thus mangled, three true hearts with strong arms carried him six miles to Centerville; from thence he was taken to the hospital at Alexandria, where, under the best attention that could be given, he lingered till Tuesday evening, 2d September, when he died." His confidence in the Redeemer was unshaken in the trying hour. The Rev. L. H. King preached his funeral discourse to a large and deeply-affected audience in the city of New York, and his remains were then taken to South Dover, his childhood's home, for interment. His brethren in the Conference believed him to be in the order of God's providence, and continued his relation as a member.

This sad event has called up in our mind the tender recollections of the period when young Ward was our pupil in the Amenia Seminary; the remembrance of long conversations with him when he was awakened to the concerns of his soul; of earnest prayers offered in his behalf, and especially of the moment when we received the undoubting assurance concerning him that he would not only be converted, but become a minister of Jesus Christ. *Peace to his ashes.*

**LETTER TO THE REPOSITORY.**—Since the origin of the Repository, twenty-one years ago, many of its readers have grown from childhood up to maturity. With such it has life-long and precious memories. We give the following from the "far-off land of gold," as one among many letters of a like character coming to the office. It is addressed to the magazine:

*Dear Repository,*—Long has it been in my heart to write to you. Though to you I am unknown, to me you are a dear, familiar friend—one who in my bright, happy childhood whiled away many an hour. And as time sped on and brought me added years, and with them deeper and holier thoughts of life, I learned to watch for your coming as for a cherished companion, who should bring me precious treasures—food for mind and heart. Time has brought to you no shadows of decay; years have but enhanced your beauty and increased your worth. To how many and varied homes have your kindly words given you entrance! Many a home of luxury and wealth hails with delight your monthly visit. But not to the rich and favored alone are you confined. To many and many a humble cottage are you born to beautify its plainness, to gladden its toil-worn inmates by your hopeful words and kind, loving messages.

Many a heart, overflowing with "love to God and man," speaks through you to other hearts, whose hope in this life has turned to darkness, and whose hope in that other and better life had almost failed, renewing in them the fading spark of heavenly faith, it may be by some promise from "our Father," or by some golden sentiment from a kindred spirit. Thus do holy thoughts and words link in one common brotherhood all of like sympathies and tastes wherever they may journey. So here, dear friend, in my far-off home, on the beautiful Pacific, thrills my heart with pleasure as I read your loved pages, though they do not now form a part of the "household words," as they once did in a dear old home in your own proud State.

A few days since, on a visit to a quiet parsonage in this land of gold, my eye fell upon a large pile of the Repository.

Ah! how my heart leaped as I scanned their pages; eagerly did I search for the number next the last one I had called my own—the missing link in the golden chain of thought. And then the joy to turn again the familiar leaves, fragrant with the pure incense of gifted spirits. Many a pilgrimage shall I make to that shrine till I have perused each lost number. Upon many names, endeared by olden ties of friendship, my eye lingers till tears and rushing memories of other days bid me forbear. Some, too, who were wont to indite pleasant papers for you in your infancy, when you first became a guest in my home, lie in the village graveyard—"with hands folded upon untroubled breasts," they calmly await the opening of the immortal gates of the city of God. R.

**DEATH OF ONE OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS—EMILY J. ADAMS.**—Our readers will remember the name above among our occasional contributors. We have missed her contributions some time, but were not till lately aware that she had ceased the songs of earth and gone to mingle her voice with those of the angels of God. She had gifts of a high order. They were rich in promise. We are glad to learn that her poems are to be collected and published in a volume under the editorial supervision of a literary friend. This last poem is illustrative of her deep religious feeling. Other poems of hers may possess grander conceptions and exhibit richer diction. But none can be more suitable as a last refrain sent back from the banks of the dark river:

#### PRAYER.

Father, this solemn night-time brooding o'er me  
Hath stirred my soul to deeper thoughts of thee,  
And in thine own great temple to adore thee  
On bended knee.

Alone a suppliant worshiper and lowly  
I to thy presence come, but in thy sight  
Abashed I stand; what offering have I holy  
For thee to-night?

None, righteous Father, naught save heart unworthy  
That hath been wand'ring from thee all this day;  
I, trembling, lay the sacrifice before thee,  
Turn not away.

The gift is proffered in all fear and meekness;  
Accept it, Lord, although so low and mean,  
And give me strength and courage for my weakness,  
And make me clean.

That I may walk upright and pure in spirit;  
When prospered, humbled; patient thro' all ill;  
Be of each precious gift that I inherit  
A portion still.

Grant to me, Lord, with heart to bless the giver,  
A voice forever ready to proclaim  
Thy praise, and eye that is accustomed ever  
To read thy name

In every blade of grass or humble flower  
That every hour I crush beneath my tread,  
Or solemn glories that the midnight hour  
Hangs o'er my head;

An ear to hear in every sound that reaches  
In calm or storm from every stream and shore  
A voice sublimely solemn that still teaches  
Me to adore.

And O, for those I love, my Lord, my Savior!  
To-night lift I my voice unto thy throne,  
Nor ask thee tokens of thy blessed favor  
For me alone.

Bless, bless us all; lend safe thro' Death's dark portal;  
O'er the cold river guide to that bright shore  
Where we shall dwell redeemed and crowned immortal  
For evermore.

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